Week ending November [illegible] 1948 Every Wednesday Threepence

# John Bull

365.V

## OUR "RED" SCHOOLS
—the inside story
by DOUGLAS HYDE

## DEATH OF MY SON
by WILFRED PICKLES

*Those in the know ask for* **Pommie**

*Made by the makers of Gaymer's Cyder Famous for 300 years*

**END DRY SCALP** – *hey presto! What a change!*

LOOK at these pictures! On the left, you see how Dry Scalp can ruin your hair. It takes all the life and gloss out of it. Makes it unruly. Dandruff shows at the parting and on your coat collar.

What a change (*right*), when you end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic! Hair has a natural, healthy gloss. Dandruff disappears. Just massage scalp gently with a few drops of this famous tonic dressing. Hair looks well-dressed all day.

**Vaseline** HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK
*The Dressing that ends Dry Scalp*

3921-7 Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd



**ADA** THE HOME LAUNDRESS

**ADA** says
"HERE'S A PICTURE OF HAPPINESS TAKEN ON WASHDAY!"

Happy to be free from back aching drudgery, happy to see how gently, thoroughly ADA's swish-swirl action coaxes out the dirt, happy to have the power driven 12" rollers to do the turning—adjust pressure at a touch of the finger—ADA does the rest. This home laundress has the sturdiness and capacity needed for a full family wash—entirely rustproof throughout. ADA is built for life-long satisfaction. Write today for picture folder and name of nearest dealer to

AJAX DOMESTIC APPLIANCE CO. LTD.
Dept. JB, Halifax, Yorks.

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

# Whitbread in bottle

WHITBREAD'S STOUT

is beer

FOREST BROWN ALE

**KEEP SOME AT HOME**

*in its prime*

WHITBREAD & CO. LTD. 27, BRITANNIA STREET, KING'S CROSS, W.C.1



*Oh! This* **PAIN**

– I Must Take a Beecham's Powder

*Ah! THAT'S* **BETTER!**

Wise women everywhere know the value of Beecham's Powders. Because of their fine *powder* form they are rapidly assimilated and *speedy in action.* Beecham's Powders are wonderful for **Headaches, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Colds, Chills and 'Flu.** During difficult days, they not only ease pain quickly but also soothe upset nerves.

*Rely On* **BEECHAM'S POWDERS**

*Prices in Gt. Britain* 2 Powders for 5½d.

For QUICK RELIEF!

Cartons of 8—1/6d

ALSO IN TABLET FORM 1/6 PER BOTTLE



THE BED-TIME SWEET

**FOX'S** *Glacier* REG? **MINTS**

SOOTHING · SUSTAINING · DIGESTIVE



*15* **perfumes!**

from all over the world blend to produce its glorious fragrance. This silk-soft powder gives comfort and daintiness to the most sensitive skin.

**Cuticura** TALCUM



*Your Choice Jam*

Made by BATGERS

**HELP YOURSELF BREAKFAST**

Out of the packet, into the dish, that's what a busy man likes. And so does his busy family. Welgar Shredded Wheat needs no heating or cooking.

Free Recipe Booklet! Send to:—Dept. BT.3, The Shredded Wheat Company Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

**WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT**

12 *extra-large biscuits for* 8d.

EDITORIAL

# Defending our coasts is a job for all

THE BATTLE OF our coasts has begun again. It will rage intermittently through the winter and well into the spring.

It started this autumn with a great offensive by the sea, which flooded over coast defences, undermined roads and damaged houses all along the south-east coast.

It continues with a steady and relentless attack on the eastern shores of Britain—our "soft side" where the coast is low and there are few natural ramparts in the form of rock cliffs.

Fortunately, the weight of the Atlantic Ocean beats harmlessly on the granite of the ancient hills which line the western edge of our island. It is the North Sea and the English Channel that are our most dangerous enemies in times of storm.

Beneath the comparatively shallow waters of the North Sea lie the relics of many old towns and villages and thousands of acres of once fertile land. A famous example is Dunwich, in East Anglia, now reduced to a few houses, but once a thriving seaport which returned two Members to Parliament.

The only reason why many other places do not follow Dunwich beneath the greedy waters is that modern methods of coast protection—if applied in time and with vigour, regardless of expense—will hold back all but the most ferocious gales.

But the cost of such protection is very great, and that is why hitherto our defences against the sea have been patchwork and inadequate. Now a Bill has been passed through Parliament to organize them on a national scale, and we are glad to learn that the Government does not intend to postpone putting the new Act into force because of the economy cuts.

CLEARLY we cannot afford to lose good farmland, or houses, or capital investments such as roads, to the encroachments of the sea.

Even the lives and health of dwellers by our eastern shores could be endangered by feeble defences which would break under night attack by winter storms.

The old system of local defences, locally financed, has broken down because the burden is too great. There are East Coast townships where a penny rate produces, say, £150 a year—yet urgent sea defence may demand the expenditure of up to £50,000! And when the County Council is called in to help, people who live inland protest against paying higher rating charges for the protection of those who happen to live on the shore!

The only answer is to make the construction of sea walls, groynes and other essential defences at least partly a charge on the national Exchequer. It is the job of the State to protect its helpless minorities. We find money for all sorts of deserving projects which affect only a few citizens. Why shouldn't we help those who, through no fault of their own, are exposed to attack by the sea?

There is another good reason for State intervention. Coast defence needs to be co-ordinated all the way round the island. What is done in one place often greatly affects what happens elsewhere. The scouring away of one bit of shore may lead to the gradual building of new land farther down the coast.

ROMNEY MARSH, which today has many thousands of acres of fertile farmland, has been laid down by the sea within historical times out of the debris of lost provinces farther east. The Romans sailed their ships up to the chalk hills of the North Downs over what is now a thickly-populated plain as big as a small county. Ancient ports like Lympne, Rye and Winchelsea have been left high and dry.

There is no human justice about the workings of the sea. It takes from one man or one community and gives to another in the course of time. Loss and suffering are inevitable.

Therefore a national plan of defence is necessary. A coast protection board should be able to carry on works outside its own area. This is made possible by the new Act of Parliament.

Naturally there is a system of checks and safeguards, and minor authorities who feel they are not getting a fair share have right of appeal to both the Government departments concerned.

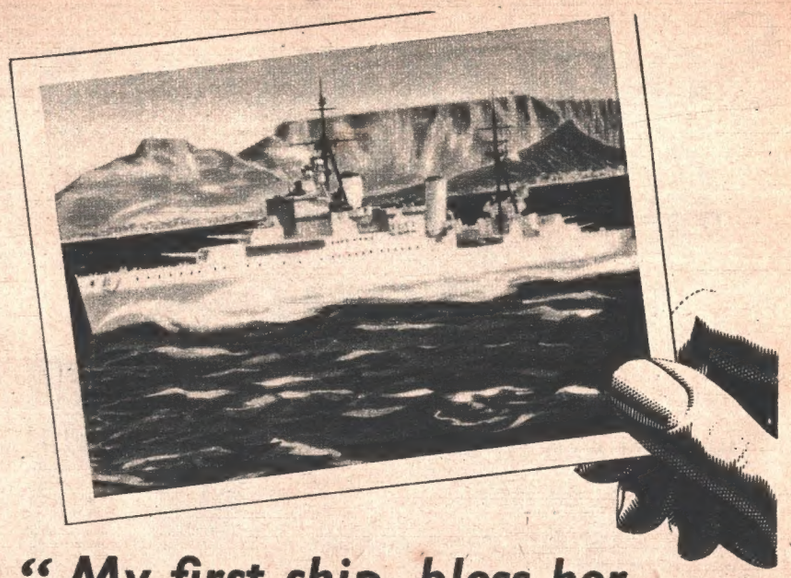
Other authorities who have to be brought into the plan are those responsible for rivers. Defence works built by the sea may affect the flow of rivers far inland, and sometimes even cause flooding.

In the past all these authorities have worked together fairly harmoniously—but always handicapped by shortage of money and lack of knowledge of what was happening elsewhere.

Now it is to be hoped that a new era of safety and prosperity for our threatened seaside will be inaugurated.

The people of London, Birmingham and other cities, who will help to pay for this, may sometimes feel imposed upon. But as they sit snugly in their inland homes on a wild winter night they should remember that to hundreds of thousands of other Britons these blind natural forces are real and terrible. They need not grudge the tiny tithe of taxation which will help to make our "soft seaside" a little harder and more secure.

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
NOVEMBER 12, 1949 VOLUME 86 NUMBER 2263 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON



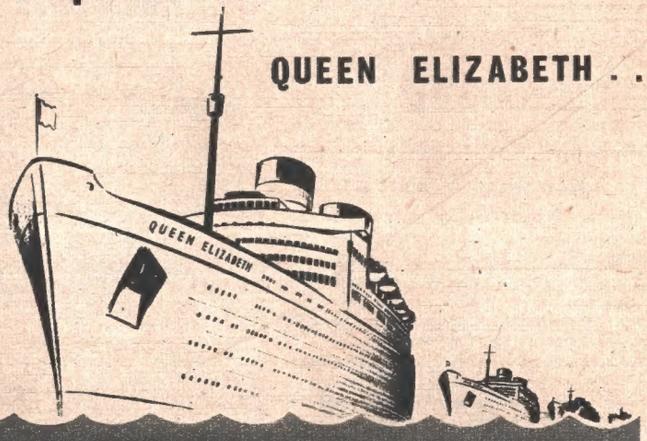
"My first ship, bless her . . .

*Yes, she was my first . . . joined her at Cape Town in '45. I was really green then; I'd never been close to a cruiser before. But the lads on the Seamen's mess-deck soon made me feel that I was one of the ship's company and showed me the ropes. I can remember saying to myself 'This is going to be good-oh'—and it was! We went all round the Med. ports, and across to America . . . we had some good times all right. And it was aboard her I learned that the Navy gives you more than good food, leave and pay . . . it gives you every chance to get on in your job."*

For full details of how to join, write to THE DIRECTOR OF NAVAL RECRUITING, *Dept.* CA/24, ADMIRALTY, LONDON, S.W.1

Make the ROYAL NAVY your career

500 ships the size of the QUEEN ELIZABETH . .




couldn't carry all the members of the

NDFS

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY

Over 1,000,000 members enjoy the very generous N.D.F.S. terms for: Sickness Benefit, Convalescence, Life Assurance, House Purchase, Deposit System.

ASSETS EXCEED £23,000,000

58-62 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1 Branches throughout the country

# Soap coupons gave clue to whiteness

WOMEN HAD TO TAKE WHAT THEY COULD GET— NOW NEW MILLIONS AGREE PERSIL WASHES WHITER

COULD IT BE TRUE...

*that Persil really* did *wash whiter? Now she's one of the convinced new millions of Persil fans*

NOT long ago we took a trip to find out just what you housewives think about Persil. We talked to hundreds of you in every part of the country. Well, the enthusiasm nearly bowled us over!

In more than half the households Persil was *first choice for whiteness!*

During the soap shortage, you ladies just had to use any soap powder you could get. One kind or another. You tried everything in the shops. And this certainly convinced you that Persil washes whiter.

Today, Persil has added millions of new fans to the millions who used it before! Our survey indicates that more than half the nation's housewives*—over 7,000,000 women—say Persil washes whiter.

**How white is white?**

Any housewife knows that there are many shades of white, but only the whitest is good enough for her things.

Just put a Persil-washed article next to one washed with any other product. Your eyes will tell you that Persil-white is the whitest white.

In copper or washtub, Persil's way with the white wash is spectacular! Persil suds are thick, rich, thorough-acting, and form no scum, even if you're using hard water.

Persil's own energetic oxygen bubbles chase the dirt out completely and safely, leaving white things satisfyingly clean, supremely white.

**Getting your share of Persil**

Even though there is more Persil about, the demand is still far ahead of supply. Do continue to ask for Persil, but, if you're unlucky, please be patient. Your shopkeeper will go on doing his best to get Persil for you.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

SOMEONE'S MOTHER ISN'T USING PERSIL YET!

A 1939 Persil picture. What a contrast between those frocks! Persil did it then—Persil does it now. That's why, after trying everything they could get, new millions name Persil as top whiteness-getter!

*7 million women now say

PERSIL WASHES WHITER!

PER 11662-201


# Free Speech

## THE PRICE OF A CUPPA

WHERE I WORK, the canteen is being boycotted because of an increase in the price of tea from one penny to three-halfpence a cup. This increase is unjustifiable because, even at retail prices, it costs only 11s. 7d. for the tea, sugar and milk to make 280 cups of tea. This calculation is based on Government allocations to canteens.

At a penny a cup, 280 cups show a profit of 11s. 9d.—more than enough to cover overheads. Workers should protest strongly against price rises of this kind.—A. G. S., London, E.15.

### Just What Women Want

NOW THAT WE ARE STARTING to think of Christmas gifts, may I make a plea for thousands of ordinary housewives like myself who, I am sure, long for something "personal" instead of something useful.

Every Christmas we are told by well-meaning relatives and friends that they know how proud we are of our homes—and along comes a coffee pot or an egg timer or any of those kitchen gadgets which are so useful. If we were given personal gifts, which would bring just a little luxury into our lives, we could sincerely say, "That is just what I wanted."

No one would think of giving my husband "something for the home," although he is just as interested in it as I am.—MRS. D. H., Worcester.

### Twins With A Problem

SOCKS ARE OUR PROBLEM. We are fourteen-year-old twins who take six and a half size shoes, and we wonder why manufacturers do not make a larger size

of sock than ten-inch. As soon as we put them on the toe wears out. Many girls at school have the same trouble.—BARBARA AND IRENE STREET, 242 Montague Road, Smethwick, Staffs.

### Awkward Position

I AM A PARKS ATTENDANT, and the local council have decided to start Sunday games next year. I have always been brought up in a Christian home and Sunday to me has been the day on which we give thanks to God.

Now I am in an awkward position. For it will soon be my duty to sell the tickets for Sunday games.—WORRIED, Notts.

### Exceptional Parson

THE HIKERS WHO DESCRIBED how they arrived at a Downland church in Sussex and found the rector reluctant to hold a service ("Free Speech," October 22) must have found an exceptional parson. He seems to have thought it was not worth while to hold a service because no other worshippers had arrived.

But my sister recently attended early morning service and was the sole member of the congregation. The clergyman went through the form of worship clearly and with all reverence, and escorted her to the door afterwards. — ROBERT LOCK, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

### Swinging The Baby

LAWRENCE EARL'S article on Mrs. Dane's clinic for infants (JOHN BULL, October 22) was very interesting. I can well believe that a baby which swings by its feet is afraid of nothing. I believe in exercising babies to strengthen limbs, and my two children were put through their paces after their bath on most nights. Their favourite exercise was to hang by the feet and swing between my legs.—FATHER, Gravesend.

### Oh, Well Held, Madam!

HAVE tradesmen completely abandoned back-door delivery? It is easier to trample a footpath across the front garden, hop over the wall or break

through the hedge. Now it seems that it takes too long to knock at the door, so the unwrapped bread is just dumped on the doorstep. Shall we soon be running to the door at the sound of a yell, to be tossed a loaf from the van in the middle of the road?—MRS. JEANNE R. GREAVES, 7 Greenlea Grove, Gosport, Hants.

### Memo To Mr. Dimple

MY HUSBAND, AND EVEN my two children (aged twelve and nine) scoff at David Hand's *Mr. Dimple* cartoons. But I love them. What a tonic in these troubled times.—MRS. S. C., Canterbury.

. . . Tim's *Oh, Johnny!* cartoon is usually very good, but is the one by David Hand aimed at juvenile readers? As yet, it doesn't seem to have reached a mental level of twelve years. If these drawings are really meant for adults, I fear for the future of Mr. Hand's animated cartoons. What do other readers think?—JOHN RYAN, 15 Southfield Street, Arnley.

### Dressed In Four Minutes

FEW JOBS CAN CALL for as much changing of clothes as waiting. I get up, dress to go to work, undress and dress again in "tails" when I get there. Three hours later I half-change for an hour's break. Then at three o'clock I undress and dress again to go home. At 6.30 I change again into dress clothes and at 9.30 I undress and dress again to go home. Then, of course, I have to undress again to go to bed.

After thirty years of this, I can change from street clothes into dress clothes in four minutes, including shoes, stiff shirt and tying own bow.—WAITER, Salisbury.

*MORE READERS' LETTERS ON PAGE 28*

# Excelsior the foundation

Gives poise, freedom of movement and support just where it is needed —and at a reasonable price.

Excelsior REGD. FOR VALUE CORSETRY

WHOLESALE ONLY
RICHARD COOPER & CO. (ASHBOURNE) LTD
Ashbourne • Derbyshire

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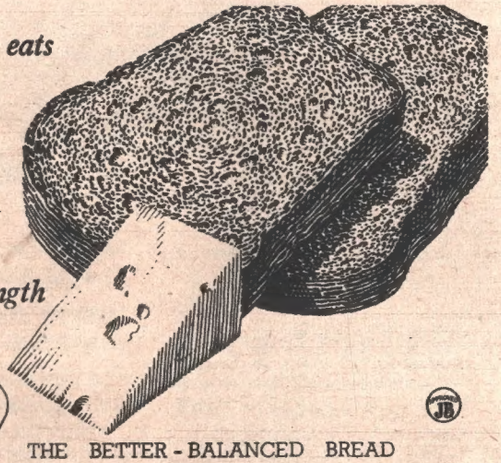
*The breadwinner eats more Hovis now*



*to keep up his strength the sensible way*

**Hovis**

THE BETTER-BALANCED BREAD

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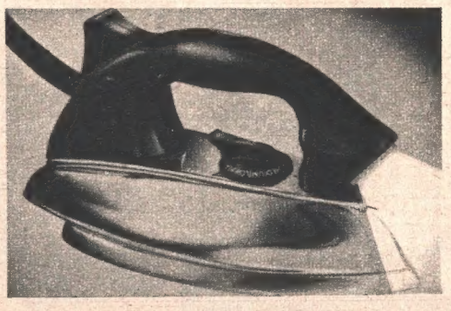
THIS IS THE

# Creda

## automatic electric iron



HOW TO SEE IRONING IN A NEW LIGHT

You'll say that the Creda 'Halo' electric iron is an absolutely *brilliant* idea! It's fitted with a 'headlight' which illuminates every pleat and fold in sharp relief, and makes fine ironing easy and pleasant. Heat-control is accurate and automatic and the super heated toe burrows under buttons and reaches right to the top of difficult pleats. It weighs 5½ lbs., which is just right. Price 45/-

MADE BY THE HOUSE OF **Simplex**

Simplex Electric Company Limited
Oldbury Birmingham & Branches

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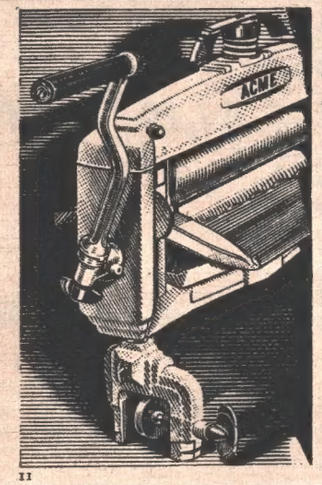


## CAREFUL, PLEASE!

Be careful when you buy a wringer. Today many in the shops are newcomers, and you've no means of knowing the results they give. But, you can be *sure* of ACME! Acme is the only cleanser-wringer and furthermore there's seventy years of solid manufacturing experience behind each Acme. The Acme name, alone, is your guarantee that you're getting the finest machine made. Over four million Acmes have been sold already—proof enough that ACME gives the best results.

ASK TO SEE THE

**ACME**

ACME WRINGERS LTD. DAVID ST. GLASGOW S.E.

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*There's no mistaking a Bob Martin dog!*

Good-natured, good-tempered —and good for a ten-mile walk! A picture of fine health and high spirits. Is your own dog like that? If he's not, it's up to you to help him. After all, *he can't tell you how he feels*, even if he's wretched. One Bob Martin's once a day will provide, in carefully balanced proportions, those substances which help a dog to enjoy life, to be frisky and friendly—because he's really fit. Start him on Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets today. In cartons, 8d. and 1/8d.

| POOR CONDITION —watch for these common signs | POOR COAT | LOSS OF APPETITE | LISTLESSNESS |
|---|---|---|---|
| ➡ | | | |

*For doggy good health- Bob Martin's*

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*There is Comfort in this Room*

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CURLY PILE

# rugs

make for comfort! By fireside and bedside, their deep, curly pile of pure mohair is warm, comforting, luxurious; and their rich colours are always lovely to see.

Oblong, Bow and Oval. All popular sizes. 15 colours. Obtainable from most furnishers and stores.

# He had to hide his invention *from men's anger*

IN 1779 Samuel Crompton, a mill worker, invented his spinning "mule"—an invention that was to bring untold wealth to Britain. But in those days textile workers feared that the "mule" would throw them out of employment, and Crompton was compelled to hide it in order to save it from destruction. Nevertheless, Crompton persevered with faith and courage. Gradually the confidence of the workers was assured, and Britain's mighty textile industry is the result.

*Crompton's dogged spirit lives in Britain today* — not least among the men who are successfully struggling to overcome the nation's electricity shortage. Already electricity may be used freely at all times except at peak hours, and continually new applications of electricity are bringing greater efficiency to our factories and new comforts and conveniences to our homes.

*Films can be used to spread knowledge of the latest applications of electricity. The E.D.A. film library is at the free disposal of all interested bodies. Call at your Electricity Service Centre for further particulars, or write to the Electrical Development Association, 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.*

## *You just can't ignore it!*

WATCH YOUR COMB! Falling hair means starving hair, first step to baldness. It is nature's warning that your bodily supplies of hair foods are running low. Be warned in time. That hair can be saved. Saved by Silvikrin.

Silvikrin contains the foods your hair is dying for—Cystine, Tyrosine, Tryptophane and other vital elements. For severe dandruff or loss of hair use Pure Silvikrin.

**Silvikrin**
THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

*Use Pure Silvikrin in severe cases of dandruff and falling hair. As a daily dressing use Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion—or, for dry heads, the new Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion with Oil.*

10/6/U

*I like a man to smoke a pipe*

*... and I enjoy a pipeful*
OF
**AFRIKANDER** 3/7 PER OZ

## AUTUMN WEATHER WANTS WATCHING—

## have 'ASPRO' with you

'Tween-seasons weather brings sudden changes. Already this is apparent, for at the moment unexpected colds are cropping up everywhere—attacks of rheumatic pain are becoming more common. But one simple measure will keep all these troubles at bay. Just have 'ASPRO' with you and use it at first signs—any time or anywhere. Then you have 'ASPRO' on your side—its action makes itself felt almost immediately. 'ASPRO' dispels cold symptoms before they take hold, reduces the feverishness, sends the pain away. Think what this means in terms of pain, distress and inconvenience avoided.

*Think what this saves you*
**IN TIME, HEALTH & MONEY**

Prices: 4D. 7½D. 1/5 Made by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks ASPRO

"But I can't use a blowlamp to get the old paint off!"
MORNING
DECORATING SIMPLIFIED
EVENING
"What a fine job you've made of the painting, dear"
"Haven't you heard of STRYPIT?—Brush it on & just scrape the paint off"
"Yes—it was easy with STRYPIT—Saves those extra coats of new paint too!"

**Strypit** NON-FLASH
Quickly removes old paint, Cellulose, etc. in its own NEW way
As used by H.M. Government
FROM HALFORD'S AND MOST LEADING STORES
ADCOCKS LTD. LONDON, N.W.2

*Some say Stratton's EXPANDA links extend this much*

*Others say—they extend this much*

*We say—measure the above—they will be found the same*

Actual extension of full-sized Link 1¼" approx.

*Wear EXPANDA Cuff links & let them serve YOU*

EXPANDA CUFF LINKS
Stratton
PULL THE SLEEVE – THE LINK EXPANDS

From Outfitters, or Hope Bros. Post Dept., Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

**The buffalo attacked the woman first. He fired two shots at the animal, and diverted the attack to himself. But he hadn't anticipated the speed**

# Game Reserve

by LAURENCE KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

**In the car were four people. Only two of them would come out of the valley alive. And Dennis had already planned which two they would be**

WHEN A COUPLE spend a good deal of their time travelling in different continents it may be inferred that at least one of them has plenty of money. It may also be inferred, though not quite so certainly, that the reason why they travel so much is that while they can just stand each other's company while on the move they cannot abide it when settled in one place. Whether or not that is true generally, it was certainly true of Colonel and Mrs. Gaythorne.

Colonel Gaythorne was a distinguished-looking man in the fifties with a very good figure. Rhoda, his wife, was twenty-five years younger than he, and she had married him for his money just as he had married her for her blonde good looks. But he had also married her for another reason besides her looks.

He was the kind of man who required a permanent and respectful listener. He had had a distinguished career and was related to distinguished people. He was also a good shot, a good golfer, a good linguist, and wrote sonnets which he read aloud very slowly in a carefully modulated voice. He was in fact a very conceited man, as well as a crashing bore.

At the same time, he had chosen Rhoda very carefully. Not only was she highly decorative, which he considered essential in a woman, but having no money and no family of any importance he estimated that she would always be grateful for the superior comfort and superior position he had given her.

In this, of course, he was quite wrong. Rhoda had been looking out for some safe, profitable way of getting rid of him for eighteen months before they went to Nairobi.

It was in a Nairobi hotel that they met the other couple—the Raynors. Dennis Raynor was the "Go anywhere—Do anything" type. Phase one had been the failure to pass any examinations before the war. Phase two, commandos during the war. And phase three, joblessness after the war. It was phase three that brought him into contact with Mary Williams.

She was a widow, her husband having been killed by a flying bomb. She missed having a man about the house, which was in Surbiton, and advertised for a chaffeur-gardener-boilerman.

Dennis answered the advertisement and got the job. He also, after a decent

interval, got Mary. She knew she was taking a risk marrying a man six years younger than herself. But she was lonely and her mirror told her that she was still pretty, if in rather a plump way. Besides she was a warm-hearted person and she was sorry for Dennis. She thought he would settle down if he had a suitable background.

For a year it had looked as though that might happen. But then she observed that he was drinking more rather than less, and it was to try to distract him from his surly restlessness that she proposed the trip to East Africa.

Curiously enough the acquaintanceship was first picked up, not between Dennis and Rhoda, but between Colonel Gaythorne and Mary. One day he saw her sitting in the lounge of the Nairobi hotel, and, as she looked like a receptive audience, he sat down and got into conversation.

Mary listened quite gratefully as he talked about himself. It was a pleasant change for her, for Dennis generally just sat moodily and did not talk at all.

By the time they parted quite a friendship had been struck up between them. The colonel had told Mary that she simply must meet his wife and Mary had said that he simply must meet her husband. That same evening, at cocktails, Dennis and Rhoda did meet for the first time. And something instantaneous and knowing and hard and unspoken flashed between them.

THE next few days the two couples did their sightseeing together. The sudden bond between Dennis and Rhoda was as invisible as it was unspoken. They knew that they were two of a kind and that they were made for each other. But the only outward and visible sign of this was that Dennis suddenly became much more attentive to his wife and Rhoda to her husband.

Nothing of any importance was said between the two of them for some days. But one evening when they were going up to their rooms, the colonel went on ahead with Mary, and Dennis and Rhoda lingered behind. At a turn in the staircase Rhoda suddenly stopped and turned the full force of her light-blue eyes on Dennis.

Dennis took her in his arms and kissed her passionately on the mouth. Rhoda just laughed, and the two of them walked on unconcernedly to join the others. The colonel repeated the end of the story he had been telling, for their benefit, when they came up; and they agreed that it was very interesting indeed.

It was the next day while they were having drinks that Dennis suggested that they should join forces and do the trip to the Parc National Albert.

While the shooting of big game in Africa is somewhat out of fashion, the watching of it is almost beginning to amount to an industry; and one of the favourite resorts for those who can travel so far is the Parc National Albert in the Belgian Congo.

Tourists of all nationalities come flocking in, either over the high escarpment down from Butembo or up the great trunk road from the volcanic north shore of Lake Kivu. And whichever way they come they inevitably spend the night at Rwindi Camp; for there is nowhere else to stay.

The authorities at Rwindi Camp deal with these tourists in a quietly efficient manner, the object being to enable them to see as much game as possible in the shortest time and so make room for the next lot.

One may arrive at the camp at any time of the day, but it is advisable to do so before four thirty in the afternoon, for at that hour each car is allotted a native guide, and out they go, sometimes in convoy and sometimes singly, over the hidden tracks in the reserve.

It is dusk by the time they return, with all the cameras laden with snapshots, and then after a drink or two a simple meal is provided in the restaurant, while antelope graze peacefully outside the thorn hedge which surrounds the camp.

Rwindi does not pretend to any luxury, except the provision of some modern plumbing, and that is not so very luxurious because the water supply is inadequate. The sleeping quarters are round whitewashed native huts, the beds hard, and the crockery tin. But everything is clean and cheap, and the hardness of the beds makes it all the easier to get up before dawn the next morning, drink a cup of coffee, and then do another three hours' tour of the reserve.

After that, breakfast is served and the exhausted tourists proceed on their journey, north or south as the case may be, while the game wardens and zoologists have time to attend to more important matters, at any rate until four thirty that evening.

One interesting feature of the place is that no fire-arms are allowed to be carried, either by the tourists or by the native guides. The sound of a shot has never disturbed the peacefulness of that valley since it became a game reserve.

It may seem that this is running a certain risk in case an angry elephant is met with or a hungry lion. But the guides are well trained and so far no serious accident has occurred.

They could hardly be expected to know that on a certain afternoon when a large Buick arrived with two husbands and two wives in it, it had already been arranged that it should continue its journey with only one wife and one husband still alive.

Dennis had not told anyone about this idea of visiting the game reserve, beforehand—not Mary, not even Rhoda. But Rhoda guessed at once that he had some definite plan in his mind and quietly backed the proposal up.

Mary was not so pleased at having it thrown at her suddenly like that. She did not want to seem mean. But there was the question of money, and they had already spent rather a lot on the trip.

The colonel was also thinking about money. But the talk of game gave him the opportunity to enlarge on his tiger-shooting experiences in India. And when these were listened to politely he was more than half persuaded to agree to the idea. At any rate maps were produced and calculations made.

When that was done it appeared that the only additional cost—for they would have hotel bills anyway—was some two thousand miles' motoring at an inclusive charge of one-and-six a mile. That came to a mere £150; and when Rhoda pointed out that that was really nothing when divided between four people the trip was as good as decided.

DENNIS hired the car—a newly imported Buick—and with himself as driver and Rhoda as reserve they started off. Quite apart from the other things at the back of their minds, it was a most fascinating trip. The scenery was magnificent, grander even than the Himalayas, the colonel said. From Nairobi to the cool uplands of Butembo took them three days. All the time nearly all the talking was done by the colonel.

Nothing of any importance had passed between Dennis and Rhoda—they could understand without words and they had not even kissed again. But Rhoda knew that there was some plan in Dennis's mind and that he would divulge it when the time was ripe. She admired him for not telling her anything prematurely. She liked that kind of hard efficiency.

Dennis himself as yet had no fixed plan in his head, but he was thinking continuously along certain simple lines. He wanted Rhoda, but he wanted some money as well. He knew that he was all right in so far as Mary's will was concerned and he guessed, correctly, that Rhoda would be all right if she survived the colonel. So far so good.

The colonel and Mary would both have to go. From there it was only a short step to the question—What was it that made murder so difficult to carry off successfully? It was not the killing, he told himself. That could be done quite easily. The snag was always the same thing—the disposal of the body. If the body wasn't disposed of, then people began to find out when the killing took place and how, and finally, who had no alibi and a motive for doing it.

It was this simple reasoning that had turned Dennis's attention to the game reserve. Not only were accidents possible in such a place if one were either unlucky or unwary, but—and this was the thing that appealed to Dennis—the body in a very short time would dispose of itself. A few hours' attention by lions and hyenas at night, or vultures by day, would leave very little that could be of any interest even to the most experienced pathologist.


# IN JOHN BULL

***LABOUR'S FRONT LINE:***
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***AMATEUR IN VIOLENCE:***
Michael Gilbert writes one of the most gripping crime stories JOHN BULL has ever published.

***Both appear exclusively in John Bull***

# NEXT WEEK


Of course there was another thing that might turn suspicion on them later. People would know that both he and Rhoda had benefited financially from the accident. Wouldn't they think it odd if they got married within a fairly short space of time? Dennis agreed that they might. But he thought that the suspicions would be considerably lessened if the accident happened in a remote part of Africa and they did not get married till a year later, say, in the Argentine or Brazil.

Such was the advancement of Dennis's plans that evening when they reached Butembo. The hotel was built on a hill with lovely views all round it and a large garden full of roses and petunias. As in most African hotels there was a separate centre building for the dining-room and lounge and bar, while the sleeping accommodation was self-contained cottages. The colonel and Rhoda had No. 2, and Dennis and Mary No. 3.

Dennis had his bath early before dinner and took a stroll in the garden while Mary had hers. Rhoda did the same and they met in the garden among the apricots and lemons. A little later, when they were admiring the glorious view from another remoter part of the garden, Dennis suddenly turned to Rhoda. "You know they've both got to go? It will be an accident." Rhoda just nodded. "Is Rwindi to be the place?"

This time it was Dennis who nodded. "Yes," he said. "They won't find any remains there."

Rhoda waited a few seconds.

"Have you a definite plan?" she asked, then.

"Nothing absolutely definite," Dennis answered. "We'll have to pick the opportunity when it occurs. The first thing will be to lose the guide. You know they provide one for each car. I don't know how that's going to be done, but we'll do it somehow. After that it ought to be fairly easy. We get lost and spend the night in the reserve. During the night there'll be an accident of some kind."

"Have you got a gun?" Rhoda asked.

"Yes, a revolver," Dennis replied. "But I shan't use it. Sound travels like anything in this still air. . . . Besides, if there are any questions, it would be nice to be able to show them a gun with six unused shells in it."

Rhoda smiled. "What then?" she asked.

"I'll have a vacuum flask of coffee in the car. They'll be glad of something once we're thoroughly lost. Anyway, the coffee will be doped. It will be quite easy to knock them on the head once they're out. After that we can rely quite safely on the lions and hyenas. The place is full of them."

Rhoda looked doubtful.

"What about us?" she asked.

"We'll have to take a chance while we're disposing of them. We'll be quite safe afterwards in the car."

"Isn't there a river there with a steep bank? We could just push them over."

"Yes, but that's no good. No crocodiles."

"And what's the story afterwards?"

"They insisted on taking a walk in the early morning to try and find the track while we were tinkering with the engine. They had an accident—a buffalo or something."

Rhoda still looked a little doubtful and Dennis was going on to explain how the vultures could be relied upon even if the lions and hyenas failed. He thought, however, that that was a little gruesome, and refrained.

He need not really have been so nice-minded. Rhoda did not care what happened to the colonel, even while he was still perfectly conscious.

"All right," she said at length. "We'd better go in now. . . . All this happens tomorrow night, doesn't it?"

"Tomorrow night," Dennis agreed.

"And then?"

"We'll still have to wait a bit."

AT dinner the colonel had a lot of stories to tell, and as usual they were all about himself. The *fraises du bois*, however, which they had for dessert, were excellent.

The road over the escarpment and down into the reserve had a good surface but it was a succession of hairpin bends. Dennis under-estimated the time that it would take, and after a hurried picnic lunch at which the colonel pointed out that he should have insisted on starting earlier as he knew these mountain roads, they arrived at Rwindi with just half an hour to spare.

That, however, was sufficient to allow time for some more refreshment and a fill-up with petrol, and they started off again punctually at four thirty with the black guide sandwiched between Rhoda and Dennis in the front seat.

There were three other cars in front and the guide told Dennis to follow them. Dennis noticed that the car immediately in front only had two men and a guide in it; and when they stopped and got out on the river bank to watch some hippo there, Dennis asked these men if they would take his guide, too, as they were

Continued on page 20

# WHERE OUR COMMUNISTS LEARN THE ANSWERS

*by DOUGLAS HYDE*

**There are no textbooks at the Party's "toughening" schools, and formulas are taught by word of mouth. But the instructions are always the same**

**Young Communist League clubs like this are Party's "closest allies." They pledge "devotion to the U.S.S.R."**

COMMUNISTS IN THE factories, in the trade unions — in fact, wherever they operate—have the reputation for having all the answers. They *do* know the "party line." And they are ready and able to argue it with anyone.

A great deal of the credit for this must go to the party's education department at the King Street headquarters in London. The head of the department is a self-conscious Marxist theoretician, Douglas Garman, who has been made by the party to use his theory in highly practical fashion.

Garman lacks warmth and humanity, takes himself too seriously and neither seeks nor provides good company. Tall and sallow, he is what is often described as liverish. He resents time spent on anything but the spread of Marxist gospel.

When the ban on the *Daily Worker* —imposed because of its opposition to the war—was lifted, it was decided that the paper should be made "popular," or more like other papers in the type of news it printed. I was its news editor at the time and the responsibility of carrying this into effect fell upon me.

### "Pandering" Charge

I decided we needed a more effective coverage of crime news. Accordingly, I appointed one of my staff as crime reporter. His reports were popular with the readers. He was the first to draw attention to the growing problem of crime and vice in the West End. In addition, he dealt with the wider social aspects of the crime wave.

But one day the editor showed me a letter from Douglas Garman. He denounced the new policy as pandering to our readers and making concessions to "bourgeois" values. He demanded to know why the paper's space and money were being wasted on crime coverage and solemnly quoted Marxist doctrine to show how right he was and how wrong we were.

After a few months' vigorous campaigning, Douglas Garman won. The crime reporter was sacked.

Garman's department is responsible for the "re-education" along Marxist lines of thousands every year. From it goes out a network of classes stretching throughout the land.

### Training For Action

Garman has the whole party on his side. They believe in education not for the sake of education, but education for action. They quote Lenin's slogan: "Theory without practice is sterile, practice without theory is blind."

For the party member, that acquiring of "theory" goes on endlessly. Within a few weeks of joining the party he takes his first classes. They continue for as long as he remains in its ranks.

The average person who joins the Communist Party knows little or nothing about Communism. He comes, perhaps, because he agrees with a current campaign on some social, industrial or economic issue which the party is exploiting, but which has nothing to do with the long-term aims of the party at all.

Soon his Communist "views" are

being attacked by his associates or workmates. He has to defend them and finds he really knows nothing about Communism. Thus, when the local party branch education secretary suggests it is time he began to attend classes to learn more about his newfound faith, he normally heaves a sigh of relief and hurries to attend.

Into such classes go the most diverse types. University professors, manual workers, professional people, housewives, youths—all go through the same courses, follow the same syllabuses and are given the same "Bolshevik outlook."

The method used has been evolved over the years and its success is spectacular—particularly when one remembers that during the course of a few months the average newcomer to Communism has his whole world turned upside down. He sees the whole of life through different eyes; he accepts a new philosophy and a new way of life.

Instruction does not take the form of a lecture by the tutor followed by the conventional questions and answers.

Instead, the tutor leads off with the briefest of openings—usually not more than a few minutes. He simply indicates the lines he wishes the class to follow. Class members have prepared for the occasion by reading recommended books and pamphlets.

### Has To Steer Them

The tutor has come with the intention of making them understand—and agree with—just three or four main points. He has prepared suitable leading questions to steer towards the conclusions he is determined his pupils shall reach.

As soon as his opening remarks are over, he asks one of the class—a small one of not more than fifteen members—a direct question. Neither accepting nor rejecting the answer, he asks other class members whether they agree or disagree with it.

He steers them skilfully. One by one they agree with the answer he wants them to accept. If any fail to see the point, he gets those who are "on the line" to "help" the comrade who is having "difficulties."

In such an atmosphere of sympathetic "co-operation" few resist the ideas put to them. Point by point the Bolshevik case is accepted.

Psychologically, the method is sound. Each class member feels he personally has arrived at the right answers. The Bolshevik point of view becomes his own personal point of view. It works.

Of course, there are courses at which the tutors themselves are trained. Among my party responsibilities at one time was precisely that of instructing tutors in both technique and content for such classes. One series of these I held in an upper room at Kingsway Hall, in Central London.

The bright boy of my class was a well-known dance band leader who broadcast regularly. He ran one series of classes after another among members of dance bands, crooners and composers. He had great success.

He told me of these classes. The names of many who attended were household words. Among them were represented most of the leading West End dance bands. He was a living example of what one man with training and enthusiasm can achieve.

Those who attend the ordinary members' classes are sold a printed syllabus, giving a broad idea of what the classes are about. They convey little more. The printed word is permanent—and quotable—and much of what is taught in such classes is better off the record than on.

The tutor has his own confidential, duplicated syllabus which goes a good deal further. But not all the way.

The whole case is given to him at the tutors' class; he then passes it on verbally to his pupils after he has "softened them up." Premature facts in cold print would shock them, perhaps put them off. The printed word is also incriminating.

Take, for example, the leadership courses or those which deal with trade union activities. The tutor must instruct his class on how to capture the trade unions from within and how to convert them into creatures of the Communist Party. Such things are best understood but left unprinted.

In British party jargon, the new Marxist man is called a "steel-hardened cadre." Eager young Communists all over Britain make that their precise aim.

Cadres are the completely trained, unshakable comrades who form the framework of the Communist army. Each is a fully trained party member who will accept an iron discipline, will do anything or go anywhere at the party's bidding.

### Waiting For The Day

He will suffer jail, persecution, ridicule or violence, confident that one day in his lifetime, his cause must triumph. Retribution, as well as the achievement of the thing for which he has worked and studied, becomes part of his goal.

Such a man is conditioned to have but one loyalty. That is to Communism, which in practice today also means to the Soviet Union.

I remember the joy with which the party hailed one housewife who joined soon after Russia came into the war. They put her up for short speeches at big demonstrations, paraded her as the sort of typical worker who was turning to the party. But soon she was "educated" and became a "steel-hardened cadre."

When I met her after a lapse of only a few months she was not the same woman. She had the cynicism, the hardness, the intellectual arrogance of the trained Marxist written all over her. She had lost her feminine softness and acquired eyes and mouth which were certainly "steel-hardened."

There was a building worker who attended some of my classes. His looks were against him and he had a slight impediment in his speech. He was keen and in earnest but not of more than average intelligence.

Still, equipped by the classes with a belief in himself and the party, it was not long before he was transformed from a retiring wallflower into a voluble, pushing type who got himself a shop steward's position and has succeeded in getting on to the strike committee of every one of the strikes which have regularly followed his arrival on any building contract.

I remember there was Frank, a disabled ex-Serviceman of the first World War, whom I recruited into the party. He showed no particular promise and spent most of his time in pubs when he should have been doing party work.

With difficulty, I persuaded him to start classes. At a weekend school I taught him his dialectics.

"Dialectics" tells the novice that class-war and revolution are in accordance with the laws of nature; that from conflict comes all development and progress. The revolution for which the Communist works, therefore, must come and must be victorious.

Suddenly it all clicked. Frank's eyes lit up with excitement.

Communism became the driving force in his life. Wherever the party was active, there was Frank with his crutches in the thick of it, at rallies, meetings, and later with the squatters when they seized empty houses and hotels.

The "steel-hardened cadre" is expected to have only one loyalty: to the Soviet Union, which he is taught to identify with the international working class. To work legally, and if necessary illegally, on behalf of Russia becomes his constant aim.

The records show that those who have been convicted in Britain of espionage on Russia's behalf have not been conventional professional spies. They have been the products of the party's "education classes."

During the war, one party member of my acquaintance, a girl who had had a tip-top education as a child, went to one party class after another. Then she was asked to go forward for training as a tutor and took several classes in central London.

When trained, she was sent to tutor a class of scientists and technicians employed at the Teddington Research Laboratories and so, from the party's viewpoint, of particular importance.

The next class she tutored was a group of engine drivers and locomen. Then she took a class of young boys and girls, members of the Young Communist League. The subject matter in each case—and the technique—was essentially the same.

### Theory Of Civil War

At "cadres" classes, the rôle of the party, the need to disrupt the Labour Movement, capture the unions and use the fellow-travellers are hammered home with complete frankness. The theory and practice of civil war and the "art of insurrection," as Lenin called it, are studied with enthusiasm.

At one time I tutored at weekend schools in the Maida Vale area. We often packed as many as six sessions into two days and had people of every conceivable nationality present. There were Czechs, Poles, Austrians, Gibraltians, Germans and a coloured lad from Trinidad, all keen to gain knowledge which would help them to provoke and win the future civil war in Britain or wherever else they were.

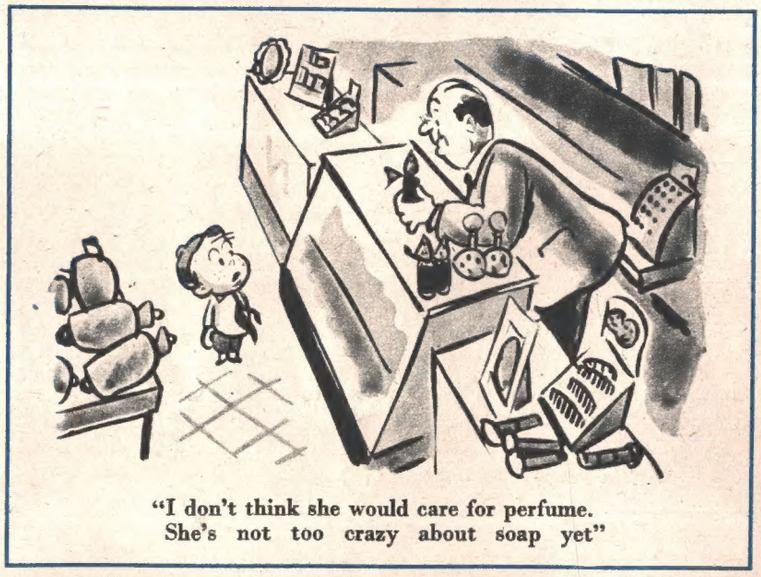
But the attempt by the party to get hold of the minds of youth, and to pervert them to its own purpose, is, perhaps, the most serious of all.

### The "Socialist Fatherland"

The Young Communist League is the organization used for this. "The Y.C.L.," said a statement of its aims some time ago, "is a Communist League of Youth, which openly proclaims itself for Communism and Communist policy and supports the Communist Party. It teaches the Marxist-Leninist theory and science to the youth. It pledges its devotion to the U.S.S.R., the Socialist Fatherland."

It went on: "The Y.C.L. must educate masses of youth and be a school for Communism. It is a reserve and trains reserves to enter the ranks of the Party. . . . It is the closest ally."

The party's unceasing "educational" work does not result in a mass party. But it *does* result in an ever-widening circle of anti-democratic influences, an increasing number of people whose first loyalty is not to their own country but to Russia and who will unquestioningly and with complete amorality do whatever the party demands.



**"I don't think she would care for perfume. She's not too crazy about soap yet"**

MY LIFE (6) by WILFRED PICKLES

# Death of our Son

**I was on duty at the B.B.C. when I got a message from Mabel that David had been taken ill. The specialist's horrifying words were: "I suspect infantile paralysis"**

**Treasured snap in the family album: Pickles and his son, David**

I WAS FINDING there was a lighter side to Broadcasting House, and with the whole North Regional station setting a fairly high standard of performance, I found my job most congenial. These were indeed halcyon days.

I had plenty of interesting and varied work to keep me busy and was continually meeting new faces; in addition, I was making headway. Things were going delightfully at home, with Mabel completely recovered and showing great confidence in my future in radio, and David growing into a fine lad, boyishly adventurous and yet with an obvious aesthetic side to his nature.

As I left our house one autumn afternoon on my way to the studios, I looked over my shoulder and felt thankful that we lived there, the three of us. How grand family life was!

Settled, comfortable, happy; we were, I knew, among the lucky ones. The hearth was the centre of our affections, and each of us was an inspiration to the other two.

Whitby Avenue was quiet, peaceful, and its pavements brown with fallen leaves as I turned out of it and headed for the City. I whistled to myself as I drove.

But as I turned into Piccadilly I heard a newsboy's harsh cry rising above the noise of the traffic and, looking about, saw a placard. It read: WARSAW BOMBED!

### Station Was Silenced

War! In spite of all the warnings we had heard, the declaration broadcast by the Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, on that fateful morning of September 3, 1939, still had an element of surprise for most people, but in Broadcasting House we continued doing our jobs as if nothing had happened. There was some speculation about what it all meant, but we clung to the habits of the peacetime just ended.

This; however, was only the initial stunned reaction and at four o'clock in the afternoon London informed us that the *Children's Hour* programme we had been rehearsing nearly all day would have to be cancelled. All activity suddenly stopped, the artists were paid up by the B.B.C. and the Manchester station was silenced.

Broadcasting from the Regions, we learned, had ceased. Yet Freddy Allen and myself were kept on as announcers without any programmes to announce, and on that first night of war with Nazi Germany I was on late turn and passed away the time by helping E. F. H. Mills, one of the executives, to black out the office windows with black paint.

As the afternoon hours crept by, most of us had become more and more concerned about the possibilities of a bombing raid on Manchester, and in the evening, working with Mills, I felt convinced that something would happen that night.

As there were no further instructions from London, I left about nine o'clock, eager to get home to Mabel and David, and as I went outside into Piccadilly, I was surprised by the intensity of the blackout. I groped my way across to the bus station, feeling like a blind man. But I was relying too much on instinct and tripped over the steps of Queen Victoria's statue in Piccadilly, sprawling full-length.

### If The Bombers Came

The return of the programmes was a slow process, but eventually we were again broadcasting the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra and *Children's Hour* was restored.

While working in the studios I began to feel uneasy about Mabel and David at home in what was clearly a vulnerable area if German bombers were to visit the city. I mentioned this to Freddy and he suggested that we should go to Wilmslow and live with him and Dorothy.

"Then, there'll always be one of us at home," he said optimistically. Mabel and I decided to avail ourselves of the offer, though it meant breaking up our home and abandoning what had become a most agreeable way of living.

On his sixth birthday we had given David what he had wanted for months—a bicycle. We laid it down that he should not ride out of the cul-de-sac and this David readily agreed to.

But he was very soon stunting, leaping into the saddle with the bicycle moving, and riding without touching the handlebars. I was so very much the typical fond parent by now that I was scared and suggested he should ride his bicycle as it was made to be ridden.

Exuberant as he was, David still loved to recite, and took part in school concerts. At one of these we waited impatiently among hundreds of adoring parents for him to appear with two other boys in a stage interpretation of Thackeray's poem, "Billy Billee."

A hush fell over the devoted audience as each turn appeared; and when, after nearly an hour, there was still no sign of David, I got up and stalked silently over to a nun to ask when his turn was due. She smiled at my concern, hinted that I should be patient and walked down the hall, presumably to find out.

At that moment David and his young colleagues took the stage and I listened, taut and nervous lest a mistake should creep into the presentation or lest the excitement might prove too much for one of the trio. But they gave the piece smoothly and beautifully, without hesitation, and I was seriously and thoroughly convinced that David was the best performer in the whole concert.

Now David had to be taken away from the Convent at which he was so very happy and, regretfully, we watched the furniture we had so carefully collected to our own tastes stacked inside a removal van and carried away into storage.

As I saw the van turn the corner of Whitby Avenue, I thought again of searching for another house of our own on the outer fringe of the city: but I knew it was futile. Vacant houses were rare treasures!

### David And His Pup

Our move to Wilmslow forced a most distasteful duty on me. Only a few weeks earlier we had bought David a shaggy little mongrel puppy which romped raucously round the house to the great delight of all of us, especially David, who adored it.

To him that puppy was priceless, though I had bought it for ten shillings. But, as Freddy also had a dog, there was no room at Wilmslow for the puppy, and one afternoon I told David that "because of the war" I had to take his pet to some kennels. He was most upset and cried bitterly, trying to reason with me. But I knew it had to be and I went off to the vet, who told me the end would be instantaneous.

I have rarely felt so dejected as in those moments when I walked slowly back home, clutching the small collar I had taken from the puppy's neck and the leather lead. What tragedy there is in little things!

The arrangements at Wilmslow worked out very well and it was a great relief to me to know that Mabel and David were in a safer zone. The biggest problem was money: with contracts comparatively rare we were existing on the five pounds a week I drew as an announcer and making inroads into the little capital we had managed to accumulate while in Whalley Range.

Although we found Freddy's home much to our liking, we always hankered after another home of our own and one day, noticing an advertisement in one of the evening newspapers, Mabel went after a house on the Spinney Estate in Wythenshawe, a suburb of Manchester—and got it for a rent of a guinea a week. So we moved again and like newlyweds set out our furniture, laid carpets, dusted and cleaned with non-stop enthusiasm.

One of our first worries was to find a school for David. Presently I learned of one within easy distance of our new home and I took David along to see the priest, the Reverend Father Coleman.

But Father Coleman had bad news. "We're not only full but there is a waiting list of several hundreds," he told us.

I turned to David and said: "Well, that's a bit of bad luck," and the two of us walked away.

### We Sent For The Doctor

There is a sequel to this story and it almost breaks my heart to tell it.

That night I was on duty at the B.B.C. when I got a telephone message from Mabel to say that David had been taken suddenly ill and was vomiting. Mabel thought he had eaten something that disagreed with him.

By the time I got home David was fairly bright but obviously still unwell, and we decided to send for the doctor, even though it was very late. I suppose we felt our action in calling him at such an hour was characteristic of fond parents of only children, but the doctor came

Three generations: back-garden photo of Mabel's parents with Wilfred and David. "How grand family life was . . ."

"David was an exuberant boy. . . . The words 'infantile paralysis' stunned us. . . . There were four terrible days"

along and, on examining David, was somewhat perturbed because his temperature was so high.

He called again the next day and still could not get the temperature down. Mabel and I were increasingly concerned.

It was late in the evening of the second day of David's illness when a specialist arrived; he was a quiet, charming little man of mature years whom the doctor had described to us as the best children's specialist in Manchester.

With the doctor he stayed upstairs in David's room while Mabel and I and her mother and father waited anxiously below. It was an agonizing time with the minutes dragging by like hours.

I remember very clearly how the bedroom door opened and the two men came slowly down the stairs and said they would like a word with Mabel and me.

Mr. and Mrs. Myerscough went out of the room and then came those awful words from the specialist: "I suspect your boy has contracted infantile paralysis."

### A Midnight Decision

The words stunned us. Mabel went a deathly white. "What can be done?" she said.

"If you will let him go into Salford Royal Infirmary I will personally look after him there," came the reply. "And the lad will have all the advantages of an iron lung."

Mabel and I both asked whether a nursing home would not be better and we emphasized that we did not care about the cost. We would willingly have sold up our home to pay the fees.

But the specialist said very quietly: "I think he will be better in hospital because they have everything there and he will have my personal attention."

The thought of David being taken away alarmed us, but we had to make an immediate decision and we agreed. It was almost midnight, but the specialist added: "He will have to go tonight."

Mabel and I felt it was strange that the doctors suspected David of being very ill, for he was in reasonably high spirits and quite talkative, though we had noticed that his voice had become slightly metallic. It was two o'clock in the morning when the ambulance arrived. David, still quite conscious, did not like it at all, but we managed to persuade him, as the ambulance men wrapped him in a red blanket, that it was only for a day, and he was happier when Mabel's father and I climbed into the ambulance alongside him.

### David Spoke To Me

We tried to fortify him by telling him we had both been in hospital many times and that he would definitely be home in the morning.

I thought it was better for Mabel not to join us on that journey and I knew that was the right course to have taken when I saw David being put into bed in one of the wards.

As I stood there, a doctor whispered: "Your boy is very ill, you know. I think it would be better if you went home. I'm afraid you can't do any good here."

David had no idea what time of day it was as he looked up and said to me: "You ought to be going, Dad—or you'll be late for the B.B.C."

Before leaving the hospital I was asked for our telephone number and gave a nurse the number of the house next door. My father-in-law and I got a taxi and did not speak a word to each other as we were driven home in the small hours of that cold October morning.

That night Mabel and I lay awake thinking about David, and when we went to see him a few hours later, we had a further grave disappointment. He was unconscious.

The doctor allowed us to stay on by his bedside and Mabel's mother sat for hours holding David's hand. Presently, a nursing sister came along and advised us in a voice warm with genuine concern to go home and have some food and rest.

Somehow, we all knew in our separate ways just how serious David's condition was, but none of us said anything.

Mabel had changed even in appearance. She was like a marble statue. Her face was pale and I noticed her hands were trembling. When I spoke to her she did not hear me. Her mother told us to go to bed and try to get some sleep. It was the first of November, a cold grey day, and at five o'clock in the morning, not long after we had dozed off for the first time, there came the most ominous knock I have ever heard.

It was our neighbour whose telephone number I had given at the hospital. I was wanted.

Nervously, I hurried round in my dressing-gown and picked up the receiver, and a voice at the other end said: "I'm very sorry to tell you that your little boy has just passed away."

There was a silence. I have never known just what my feelings were in those terrible moments. All I recall is that I knew I had to go back into our home and tell Mabel.

When I got inside she was pacing the room while her mother and father sat on the edge of the bed in their night-attire. They all looked at me, guessing the truth, and yet clinging to the last fibres of hope.

How awful it was to have to say: "He's passed away."

If only Mabel could have cried it would have been so much better for her. But she remained taut, filled with tears she could not shed, and I knew in that moment just how badly she had taken the news.

So, inadequately, I said: "I'll get you a cup of tea." Then the thought flashed through my mind that many of David's clothes and toys were lying scattered about the house and that they would be painful reminders to Mabel as long as we had them, so I did something I could never do now in similar circumstances.

I went all over the house, carefully gathering together all David's things: his shoes, his books, his tin soldiers. Collecting them into a bundle, I wrapped them up in a sheet which I hid in a shed behind the house.

And at nine o'clock, just four hours after we had heard of David's death, I telephoned the health authorities and asked them to collect the bundle.

"But it's not an infectious disease," said an official.

"I know, but please treat it as if it were," I said. The bundle was duly collected and Mabel was spared a lot of painful reminders.

Again I experienced the wonderful friendliness of ordinary folk, and their unsparing determination to share the burdens of a great personal tragedy. People rallied round Mabel and me: relatives, friends and neighbours did all they could for us in those days of grief.

My mother, who was living in London, came up on the first train, shocked by our loss of David and reminded of the death of my brother, George, when he was only four years old.

And that same morning Father Coleman called. Knowing nothing of what had happened, he greeted me with a smile and said: "When you brought your little boy to me the other day, I told you I had no room for him. But you so impressed me, you know, when you turned to him and said, 'That's a bit of bad luck,' that I've managed to find a place for him."

It was hard to tell him what had happened.

### Most Poignant Tribute

The B.B.C. were very kind and understanding and gave me the time I needed to be with Mabel. People sent magnificent flowers, but what touched us most was a tiny bunch simply inscribed: "From his little friend, Derek."

Mabel faced up to the greatest tragedy of her life with real stoicism, and whereas many women would have gone under, she kept up a brave front. It is said that time is a great healer, but even now Mabel cannot talk about those four terrible days which left us without our only son and changed our lives so much.

I watched her closely in the days that followed lest the loneliness should become too much for her, for I knew how accustomed she was to having David with her. It was then that her mother and father came along with the idea that we should let our house furnished and go to live with them in Northenden.

So we moved once more, and when I was off duty in the daytime we would all go off for walks in the country. The tragedy had drawn us even closer together.

*NEXT WEEK: A job I hated*

*THE HUMAN MACHINE* *by ROFFE THOMPSON*

## Cowardice At Its Worst

SOME people seem to spend their lives anticipating evil. The fact that reality never turns out to be as black as their imagination painted it seems to make no impression on them.

There's no sense in allowing yourself to be hag-ridden like this. It's as much a disease as measles, and as readily curable. But you've got to be your own doctor. You've got to realize that problems are something to be faced and solved, not bogies to run away from. Strength comes from action.

Imagination can be a wonderful servant—or a vicious tyrant. It's entirely up to you which it shall be.

To be afraid of something that hasn't happened is to squeal before you're hurt. It's the worst possible form of cowardice.

Wandering scripture peddler at work in China. A long list of crusades and reforms have started like this

# MYSTERY OF THE BIBLE BOOM

*by the Rev. W. E. PURCELL*

**Most people say they never read it, yet more copies than ever are sold. It's the world's most spurned book—but our laws and workaday beliefs are still largely derived from it**

ONE MONDAY MORNING in a military prison the padre was summoned before the C.O. He was asked if he had said anything the day before likely to cause seventy-three prisoners to ask for Bibles.

The padre said he had not, in fact, said anything. A bad throat had made him unable to do more than read a story from the Bible with the added comment that the same book contained a good deal more.

The sudden request for seventy-three copies was a result. They were not wanted as cigarette papers after all. They were wanted in order to be read. And so they were provided; and until that "glasshouse" was shut down at the end of the war the tradition remained.

Queer things still happen where this book is concerned. In Japan, General MacArthur supports a scheme to distribute ten million Japanese scriptures in the next three years. For Central Africa, 100,000 copies in Swahili are being rushed through by next June.

The British and Foreign Bible Society alone in the first six months of 1949 produced 1,345,081 Bibles and Testaments—double the figure for the corresponding period of 1948.

The Mayor of Bridlington, Yorks, was widely quoted recently when he said that "There is a black market in Bibles. Some people are paying double the original price."

And from East Africa comes the story of the man who settled down on the kerb outside a bookshop. As customers entered he asked each to buy him a New Testament, rationed in those parts to one per head.

As the price was 1s. 3d. and he gave 1s. 4d. to each purchaser the middleman made a profit of a penny. But the Bibles sold up country for 5s. each.

There is a boom in Bibles—a world boom. The facts leave no doubt.

But who are the new readers? Especially, who are the new Bible readers here in Britain? This is where the mystery lies. Either there are a good many, or else a lot of people are buying something they do not intend to use when they have it.

That doesn't seem to make sense. Forty years ago it might have. Then it was still the "done thing" to possess a copy of the Scriptures. One not so good consequence, among many better ones, was that the number of Bibles possessed for the sake of appearances was probably fairly large.

But now the fashion of the "Aspidistra Bible"—something left in the front-room as an unused mark of respectability—has notably declined. Nor do many modern parents solemnly inscribe in some gilt-edged volume, drawn with difficulty from the bookcase, the name and generation of the latest baby.

So the "Family Bible" is out, as well. What then? Are there now more readers and less viewers of this mysterious volume?

If this is so, it would certainly seem to contradict those who complain that so few moderns seem to know as much about their Bibles as their forbears.

Not all, by any means, of the complaints are on religious grounds. There are also those who lament the change because of the loss it means in style of speech and outlook.

Hardest hitting of recent comments along these lines has been St. John Ervine's: "Our illiterate ancestors, who spent Sunday morning listening to the pastor reading fine prose from the Bible were better employed than those who debauch their minds with the execrable English of the Sunday Press. . . ."

And so on. There has been a lot of it lately. And all the time the implication is that if we ask, not dad, but granddad, we shall generally find that he read his Bible and was better for it, but that we don't and are the worse. The puzzle is to fit this into the facts of today's Bible demand.

### An Investigation

Here are the results of an investigation which aimed at asking a variety of people two questions: "Did they have a Bible?" "Did they read one?"

The first contact was a man coming down from a scaffolding with an empty bucket. "Did he own a Bible?" Yes. "Did he read it?" Sometimes.

This man was a forty-three year old ex-Royal Marine, now a building worker. Bought his copy years ago when a Bible Society agent came alongside his ship at Port Said. Was not at all surprised at the question.

The next was a bus conductor. Answer "No" in both cases. Comment: "not interested." Aged around thirty. Two girls in their later teens said the same. A third, in a different office, added that although she neither possessed a Bible nor read one, she "felt she ought to."

With the exception of the last comment, most of those in the younger age groups who were questioned said the same. They didn't have a Bible; they had never read one. A majority of all ages answered along these lines.

### Some Surprises

What affirmative answers there were, however, came from older age groups. Here were some surprises. A sixty-year-old foreman printer replied "several" to the first question, and "often" to the second. He added, "There's a terrible lot of ignorance about the Bible."

But he was not a new reader; he had been one all his life. So had the woman owner of a small draper's shop.

A professional artist said he owned a copy of extracts and read them now and then "as literature." The head of a citizen's advice bureau said he read the Bible as a matter of habit.

Obviously this investigation was limited, and so, obviously, its conclusions must be. This particular sample would seem to show a low level of

## FACTS ABOUT THE BIBLE

THE Bible contains 773,746 words—in sixty-six books, 1,187 chapters and 31,173 verses. The Epistles were not originally written as books but were ordinary letters.

* * *

About 580 million Bibles have so far been circulated by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Braille editions are published in forty languages. The New Testament has been translated into Basic English.

* * *

Thirty-six miracles performed by Jesus Christ are recorded in the Gospels. Three arks are mentioned—Noah's, the Ark of the Covenant and the one in which Moses was hidden. Biblical meaning of the word was a covered chest and Noah's Ark was a huge chest.

* * *

Oldest complete manuscripts of the New Testament are the Codex Sinaiticus in the British Museum and the Codex Vaticanus in the Vatican—both believed to date from the fourth century. First translation of the New Testament into English was made in 1384 by John Wyclif, the fiery rector of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire.

* * *

Many Biblical words now have totally different meanings. The "apple" offered to Eve by the Serpent was not an apple but either a quince or an apricot. Biblical "candles" were lamps, like the traditional Aladdin's lamp, made of earthenware and burning oil by means of a wick through the spout.

* * *

Bees, beetles, flies, grasshoppers, hornets, locusts, snails and worms are the only insects mentioned in the Bible. "Adder" seems to be a word which covered all poisonous snakes. The "dragon" was probably the ancestor of the crocodile.

interest among younger age groups, increasing sharply with the years, in some cases to surprising intensity, but scarcely revealing the conditions of interest and demand which the reports of a Bible boom suggest.

Yet the demand is unquestionably real. The British and Foreign Bible Society agrees—and it, as the world's biggest Bible distributor, knows, if anyone does. Now, as every year for the last one hundred and forty-five, from its London headquarters in Queen Victoria Street (a Bible store, incidentally, is called a "warehouse") a stream of scriptures pours out to the world.

In some cases, though the Society is not primarily interested in the money side, these cargoes of British-printed Bibles going down London's river have been enough to do some noticeable earning for the export drive.

### Four Important Words

The Society mentions this only in passing. What interests it more is the conviction that it has in the book it prints a product the world needs. Out of that conviction one hundred and forty-five years ago the Society was born.

There had been a meeting in a city merchant's office to discuss the supply of a Bible in Welsh. "Why not?" someone said, "and, if for Wales, why not for the world?" And so the "British and Foreign" was born. Object: "to encourage the wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment."

The last four words are important. They give the organization's work an attractively clear-cut appeal. The target is to put as many Bibles as possible into as many hands as possible as cheaply as possible.

Into Esquimaux' hands, with words such as "desert," "heat," "camel," carefully translated into the nearest Arctic equivalent; into African hands, with "snow" and "ice," maybe, translated into the closest approximation known in the dialect of some tribesmen living on the equator; into everybody's hands.

This is where the Society's colporteurs came in. A colporteur is a traveller in Bibles and there are 1,100 scattered about the world.

The man who sold a copy to the marine at Port Said was on a comparatively easy beat, working the British shipping in the port. But at this moment, from Tokyo to Turkestan and the far interior of Communist China, there are others patiently and persistently selling The Book.

### Lone Campaigners

The stories of some are epics. At least one resulted in a library classic: George Borrow's *The Bible in Spain*. Borrow himself was a colporteur.

Whoever they are, wherever they are, these wandering scripture peddlers work on the same principle—that to put this, the most translated, the most praised and the most spurned book in the world into the possession of people is in itself a good thing.

Here, hidden far away from general knowledge, lies the amazing story of the men and women who have laboured behind the scenes for generations at the forbidding task of turning the Bible into Polynesian, maybe, or Maori, Singalese, Chinese, Coptic.

In 1945 the British Society was publishing in 761 different tongues, covering seven-eighths of the world's people.

The latest is Tibetan. The manuscript was stored for safety in the crypt of Ripon Cathedral during the war but is now printed and on its way to the forbidden land.

### Would-be Assassin

Behind that lay a hundred years of effort beginning dramatically with the flight of a would-be assassin of the Dalai Llama. His name was Gergan.

Meeting two Moravian missionaries he became interested in their efforts to turn the Bible into his own language. He began by helping. He stayed to devote his life to the task.

Will it make any difference that some few of a remote people on the roof of the world are able to read the same book that often enough today has the dust on it here at home?

The Bible Society says it will. Here is a conviction backed up by an impressive, age-long mass of evidence, for this book has a way of never accumulating the dust for very long.

When, in May, 1881, the Revised Version of the New Testament in English was on sale for the first time, a cable 180,000 words long, containing a good deal of the whole thing, was flashed to the *Chicago Times* and printed in full by that paper. The first edition of two million copies rapidly went out of print in England. Later editions sold many more millions—an event which was the origin of the much-used description of the Bible as "the world's best-seller."

There is now a Basic English Bible. But nobody sent any cables about it at the time. Even the queer discovery a few months ago in a Palestinian cave of some earliest-ever originals of parts of the Old Testament made no more than a moderate stir.

### "Must" For Airliners

That the chance of reading this book is a privilege which everyone ought to have is the belief which has powered and is powering terrific efforts to make it possible. In Victorian railway stations there used to be waiting-room Bibles, hotel bedside Bibles. In our jails it is the one book any prisoner can have on demand.

In Pan American Airways trans-ocean Clippers one copy is part of the standard equipment in each of the aircraft's rubber dinghies. There is a soldier's Bible, a sailor's Bible. The King is given a Bible when he is crowned.

"We present you with this book," are the ceremonial words, "the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom, this is the Royal Law: these are the lively oracles of God."

What, then, lies behind this faith in the Bible? Two things mainly. The first is the conviction that it is not an ordinary book, the second that introduction to it can have total effects upon human life.

The first is a plain matter of fact, since the Bible is not a book at all, strictly speaking; but a whole library bound within the same covers, the various parts differing widely in date, content and purpose, yet being all united by a similarity of theme—the mysterious revelation of God to man.

The second—that the Bible does things to people—is backed by an enormous mass of evidence, general and particular. In the general effects upon the story of our civilization it is in a class by itself. Few races have been more affected by it than the British, which is why we once were known as "the people of the Book"—a proud title.

### It's Never Out Of Date

The evolution of our laws, morals and workaday beliefs comes from it. The Bible is never out of date because, in all ages and places, as the record shows, people keep opening this Book, sometimes by chance, and finding themselves hit between the eyes by some phrase which seems to be for them, personally, of direct importance—disturbing, accusing, comforting, making them *think*.

The list of the crusades and reforms which have started like this, Bible-inspired, is a long one. The outlawing of the slave trade, prison reform, the humanizing of factory conditions—these are but a few.

More impressive and less known is the record of the private lives which have been ennobled and inspired. This is much more important than that the scientific account of creation no longer agrees with the famous "seven days" of *Genesis*.

### Is There A Revival?

So today's Bible boom makes good news, even if it remains a mystery. The Book that has meant so much to Britain looks like being on the way back into private lives.

True, it may yet be remote from the lives of the bus conductor and the typists. Yet somewhere a lot of people are getting this book, as the sales show.

Some, somewhere, are reading it. And when that quiet process begins it has generally been the case that consequences of great good have in the long run followed.

Writing an African dialect Bible. Today it goes into every tongue

Margaret Leighton signs fan photographs. She is to star in a new stage production of *The Philadelphia Story*

# From Char to Star

*by NORMAN PHILLIPS*

Ten years ago, Margaret Leighton was scrubbing the stage at the Birmingham rep. Then, four knights intervened to cultivate the "perfect English type"

IT WAS NINE O'CLOCK in the evening two years ago and Sir Alexander Korda was going to bed in his penthouse on top of Claridge's when in came the theatrical producer, Henry Sherek.

"Alex," said Mr. Sherek, "I want Margaret Leighton for a play."

"Margaret Leighton, a very good actress," replied Sir Alexander in a strong Hungarian accent he reserves for such occasions. "Why you ask me about Margaret Leighton?"

Mr. Sherek explained that Miss Leighton was of the opinion that she was under contract to Sir Alexander Korda.

"Contract with me?" asked the knight. "I do not know of this contract, but give me the telephone; I do all I can for you."

Korda, Mr. Sherek hastens to explain, was just being "foxy." After this piece of by-play, it was arranged that Margaret Leighton would appear in Mr. Sherek's play and then start making films for Korda. Since then she has completed five films—the latest, *The Astonished Heart*, with Noel Coward—and is now returning to star in the forthcoming stage production of *The Philadelphia Story*.

### Birmingham Belle

The slender blonde Birmingham girl is now twenty-seven and has risen from char—with the Birmingham Repertory Theatre—to star of both stage and screen. Her selection for the rôle which Katherine Hepburn played in *The Philadelphia Story* is a sign that she is the most promising young actress to appear since the war. It is also enough to start a chorus of claims as to who was the first to discover her talents.

Those four knights of the entertainment world, Alexander Korda, Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson and Barry Jackson have each influenced the Leighton girl's career. There are many others who have helped transform a stage-struck schoolgirl into an intelligent and attractive leading lady.

The process involved a period of scrubbing the stage of the Birmingham Rep. Today, the thought of the slim Leighton figure bent over a scrubbing brush and pail is enough to send shivers of horror through the fashion house of Molyneux where Captain Molyneux himself has described Margaret Leighton as possessing the perfect English figure.

The dimensions of this perfect type are five feet eight inches in height, a bust of 36 inches, waist of 23½ inches and hips 35½ inches. These measurements, however, do not allow for the grace with which she carries off clothes—an art that she learned while strutting in ten- and twenty-pound period costumes with the Old Vic company in London, Paris and New York.

"A long-stemmed pink rose," Henry Sherek says of Miss Leighton, in his more inspired moments. These references to her charms are the closest this English girl has come to the traditional Hollywood process of launching a new star on a wave of what is commonly known as "leg art."

When it comes to asking Margaret whether she has ever been requested to pose for bathing suit publicity pictures, she reverts to the self-deprecating attitude she uses to explain any of her successes.

"My legs are probably too thin," she says.

The tendency to belittle her accomplishments is a pronounced one. The Leighton story is a combination of work and worry. Maggie has successfully worried her way through repertory—she says she cried most of her first three weeks there; through the Old Vic—she says she was terrified of acting with Sir Laurence Olivier and Sir Ralph Richardson; and through films, which, she says, gave her the worst bout of want of confidence.

### Her Film Début

The first time Miss Leighton stepped on a film set was two years ago. She was appearing with David Niven in *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, a production which the critics found remarkable only for Margaret Leighton's début.

David Niven escorted her on the set. Maggie stopped, clutched Niven's arm and whispered: "Quickly, tell me where the camera is."

"She was quite the young innocent," Anthony Kimmins recalls. He directed her first film. "It was almost a matter of the director shouting 'cut' and finding Maggie with a knife in her hands."

Kimmins, after schooling Margaret in the language of the studios and then filming her, dashed downstairs and called the Korda offices to see if the Leighton signature had been appended to a long and binding contract. To his relief, he found that it had.

Margaret emerged from this ordeal by cameras as the darling of the electricians, dressers and sundry technicians who worked on the film.

"Almost a second Gracie Fields with them," Kimmins recalls. "They gave her a birthday party and the plasterers made her a birthday cake."

The cake, of course, was made out of plaster. It was stuffed with scraps of tartan.

### Her Superstition

Success is something that concerns Miss Leighton's main superstition—a positive refusal to advertise what she thinks is going to be a good break.

"Absolutely fatal," she says, smacking her palms together for emphasis. "Even if I know I am going to have a good day, I'll never say so aloud."

That superstition was picked up somewhere between here and Birmingham where she learned such good stage lore as the dire things which happen when anyone whistles in a dressing-room.

The only way to relieve this curse, according to Maggie, is for the offender to leave the dressing-room right away — and in whatever she may happen to be wearing—then turn

**Tea at Send Barns, Margaret's Surrey home. Husband is a publisher**

around twenty-one times backstage.

"Many's the time I was chucked out for whistling," she says, "but it's not one of my own superstitions. I think the good old myths, like the danger of putting shoes on trunks, are dying out."

Margaret is married to Max Reinhardt, a publisher by profession, no relation to the late Viennese impresario of the same name.

The Reinhardts live at Send Barns, a charming Surrey home which takes its name from a neighbouring village. The barns are filled with a miscellaneous collection of livestock including an indeterminate number of rabbits, four pigs and a single ferret.

They also raise fruit and vegetables which they hope will make the farm a commercial success.

Send Barns offers the first opportunity to take up gardening since young Maggie cavorted in the conservatory of the family's Birmingham home. The attraction of the conservatory was not so much the ferns and aspidistra as its strategic position which allowed it to be used as a backstage dressing-room and rehearsal hall for home-grown productions.

The Leighton troupe included sister Hazel, three years younger, and brother John, four years younger than Maggie. Friends and relatives were charged sixpence for the privilege of watching the performances. The money went to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

It was a schoolteacher who encouraged her to try the stage rather than go on to Girton where she would have taken English literature and wound up as a teacher herself.

"I'll never forget," Margaret says, "how she bullied and coaxed me to train for my first audition."

This event took place soon after Maggie's sixteenth birthday, at a time when she was just beginning to put aside gym tunics.

Mrs. Leighton, contrary to the tradition of stage mothers, accompanied her daughter only as far as the nearest tearoom to the theatre. There Maggie screwed up her courage and headed alone, for her audition.

Herbert Prentice was the Birmingham Rep producer and for his edification, young Miss Leighton said she had prepared a capsule version of Prince Arthur from Shakespeare's *King John*. Moreover, she advised Mr. Prentice, she was prepared to recite the entire piece without cues or assistance. Mr. Prentice balked.

"He handed me a newspaper and told me to read that instead," Miss Leighton relates. "Then I was hired at thirty shillings a week. Nobody was more surprised than I was."

### First Part—A Laugh

Margaret's initial rôle was that of a Cockney maid whose only chore was to burst into laughter on the proper cue. For three weeks she alternated between this fit of laughter on stage and a continual flow of tears while waiting in the wings.

"It was just the sudden realization I had no talent at all after being a schoolgirl and ruling the roost," is her explanation today.

The family decided to take her to the laugh hit of the day in which comedian Clarkson Rose was visiting Birmingham. Maggie, so disheartened by her own plight, sat through the entire performance without even a smile.

At this point, the management demoted their young recruit to fourth assistant stage manager, withdrew her stipend and handed her a scrubbing brush. She became an unpaid student and charwoman.

Though unpaid, the half-dozen hopefuls in this class cost the company considerably in make-up supplies, which they applied with great abandon. They dug deeply into their own pockets for hair-dos and kept mothers busy altering costumes.

"It didn't matter if anyone noticed us—we always dressed and made up to the nines," Maggie says. "There was one play where half a dozen of us formed a crowd outside a doorway. Only one of us could be seen from the audience. We made ourselves up just the same and we had an unwritten agreement that whoever had friends in the house for that performance would be shoved forward so she could be seen."

Maggie's luckiest break, she says, came during this period. She claims she was so bad at everything else—including scrubbing floors—that the management decided to give her a speaking part.

From Birmingham, Margaret went to Dartington Hall in Devon to work with Basil Langton. She returned to Birmingham in 1942 under Sir Barry Jackson, who presented her as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, a part which she would gladly play at any time.

People come and people go in any repertory company. Margaret stayed on at Birmingham until the sound of "What, you still here?" became almost too familiar. A designer, who had left Birmingham for greener pastures, tipped her off that the Old Vic was reopening. Margaret decided to try her luck.

### Got An Interview

She wrote to John Burrell, chairman of the Old Vic Theatre Company, and asked for an interview on a Sunday. She invested in a one-day return ticket to London, saw Burrell and learned that her commitments with the Birmingham company would conflict with the Old Vic rehearsals.

It didn't look as if she could ask for a part with the Old Vic, let alone be invited. Back she went to Birmingham.

Burrell wrote a note a week later saying he was coming to Birmingham and would like to see the play she was doing. Would she please book three seats for him at the next Saturday matinée.

The play was Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. Margaret had lunch with Sir Barry Jackson before the show and told him about Burrell. The lunch was memorable for her swallowing a fishbone and almost choking herself into such a state that she could not appear. She recovered in time.

"There was complete silence in the theatre for the first two acts," Margaret recalls. "We thought we were really gripping the audience. There wasn't a laugh or a cough. What we didn't know was that Burrell had brought with him Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson."

Olivier and Richardson are both Birmingham graduates and familiar to the faithful matinée followers of the local repertory company. Their presence had been enough to strike awe into the audience. The word got backstage at the beginning of the third act through the medium of an excited buffet girl.

Olivier, Richardson and Burrell descended on Miss Leighton's dressing-room. They offered her tea and told her they wanted her to go to London.

### It Was "Torture"

"They must have known it was agony for me," Margaret says. "They were so kind. They told me the parts they wanted me to play and when the plays would be produced. I was in torture.

"All that I could think of was that I couldn't do it, I couldn't rehearse with them because the Birmingham season was still on. I had two sleepless nights after that and then on Monday morning came a telegram saying that everything had been arranged so that I could rehearse with them."

Maggie was on her way up. She still is.

# A NIGHT AMONG THE Roses

by CLEDWYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

**Miss Prys's notched stick was a record of dead cat-haters. That night she meant to add another kill**

THERE WAS ONLY ONE rose-garden in the parish, and that was owned and tended by Roberts the Bump. He was so called because his mother had had her head felt by a phrenologist at the village fair.

The man had prophesied twins, but only Roberts had appeared and had been christened appropriately.

He was a remarkable gardener, having power over slugs and the fly which devours carrots. He could graft and bud and prune to perfection. But it was as a grower of roses that he was famed for many miles round. He had a sunken rose-garden which in its season had a smell as if great bottles of perfumes had been emptied, carelessly. And along the short lane to his house he had planted standard rose-trees, with a great barbed wire barrier to keep away the cows.

His little cottage was itself draped with rambler roses and when the petals began to break, the road opposite the house was littered as after a royal wedding.

A man who tended roses and gave so much of himself to gardens could hardly be expected to have an enemy, anywhere. For Roberts was a bachelor and had not the worry of a wife's friends and relations. Neither had he any interest in women whatsoever. He had been a postman until he retired. And a lifetime of delivering love letters, and the Valentines which still persist in Sant parish, had seemed to canker his capacity for love.

Yet this man had an enemy, as all who make a passion of anything must have. An enemy not on account of himself, but because of his roses. It was a woman, and she was his enemy because of her love for cats.

SHE was Miss Prys, the very last person in the parish still living on the income of her investments. Not that she did that very regally, living in a house with rooms echoing in emptiness and half the windows quite uncurtained. She was a sixtyish woman who wore a pince-nez on the least provocation, hooking it on to the considerable projection of her nose.

And she tended cats and reared them with the same affection and care which Roberts the Bump gave to his roses. Perhaps devotion to such opposites was certain to lead to trouble. And yet it could all have been averted had not the cats decided on the wonderful sunken rose-garden for the major part of their love-making and nightly perambulations.

One or two cats Roberts would not have minded. But it was the quantity. Miss Prys had thirty-one cats, a number which increased by a sort of geometrical progression each year. And these were not cats of a mongrel pedigree, but all long-haired, aristocratic Persians. So that Roberts knew for certain to whom the cats belonged who came almost every night of the year to raise the dreadful noises beneath his windows.

Doubtless he would have withstood the noise, or arranged to subdue it by plugging his ears with cotton wool, for he was a most obliging man, meek in his dealings with people. But it was the havoc which the animals made among the neatness of the rose-garden which annoyed him.

Stems were broken and blooms spattered and the end of his patience came when a Persian strangled itself by the blue ribbon of its neck from the branch of a standard rose-tree. Roberts did not inquire in his mind how the accident had happened; he just unhooked the cat and carried it limp in his hands to the house with the untidy gardens where lived Miss Prys.

GOING up the drive Roberts found his wrath lessening a little. People he had passed in the village had been interested; for it was not often that a dead cat was carried through the single street of Sant. Pilks, he who kept The Foxes and was something of a wag, had stood reverently with his hat in hand as if a funeral was passing.

Now, Roberts the Bump was doubtful as he stood before the door. This Miss Prys was the last of the gentry, and Roberts had been bred in the age when they had ruled the village.

He rang the old-fashioned door bell, pulling hard at the brass lever. A bell clanged in the far away of the house. As there was no reply he set the dead cat on the top step and pulled at the bell again, more vigorously.

Like most mild men, his strength on a harmless object was considerable and the lever came away in his hand with a squeak of torn-out screws. He looked at it a moment and then tossed it over his shoulder into the shrubberies. At that moment the door opened, a musty smell of stale air seeped out, and there was Miss Prys.

She had on a long black dress with a fan hanging from a golden chain at her waist. Even before she spoke she set her pince-nez on her nose and regarded Roberts as if he was a tradesman.

Her voice was deep and with a rumble to it.

"Good morning."

Roberts swallowed hard before he spoke, at the same time bending down and lifting up the cat by the ribbon.

"Is this yours, Miss Prys?"

Like a relation seeing an uncovered corpse she became active with emotion. Both her arms came out, and seeing the length of her finger nails Roberts moved down a couple of steps.

The voice of Miss Prys was shaking and the pince-nez fell from her nose.

"My poor Egbert the Fifth. What have you done to my poor Egbert?"

Roberts gave the cat a shake as if hoping that it would become alive again.

"I have not touched Egbert. He has killed himself on my rose-tree."

"What a noble way to die."

Roberts was gaining back some of his anger now, thinking of all the molestation which the cats of this woman did to his wonderful garden.

"All the time your cats pester my garden, Miss Prys. My life and that of my roses is a misery."

She hoisted up her pince-nez on its black tape and set it on her nose and looked severely at Roberts the Bump.

"My man, these are thoroughbreds."

"So are my roses."

"But my cats have life. Your paltry roses can be bought two a penny."

Roberts threw Egbert the Fifth on to the steps and smacked his hands together as if ridding them of some contamination.

"You try, Miss Prys, try and buy roses like mine at two a penny."

Miss Prys bent down with a rustle of her black dress and for a moment

**Roberts came slowly out of the bush. He could see now that she meant business**

Roberts thought that she was going to attack him. But she was only picking up the dead cat. Tenderly she raised it and closed its staring eyes. Then she spoke to Roberts:

"Doubtless you are a liar, my man, and tonight I shall prove it. Tonight I shall spend the whole of the darkness sitting in your common garden among your stupid roses. Good morning, Roberts."

Roberts was so amazed at this threat and promise that he had no time to reply to the woman. For she was already shutting the door, and, as if Roberts was some thief or vagabond, the lock was being turned and a battery of bolts moved briskly across.

Roberts turned then and went rather sadly through the village. Here was a complication, a woman at night among the roses was almost a greater worry than a multitude of cats.

THE afternoon turned warm, with summer haze and heat. The mountains faint and rising blue to the sky. Flies bathed warm on the red brick walls of the cottage and Roberts himself went to bed for the afternoon, knowing that a night of toil and trouble was ahead.

With the cool of the evening he woke to his alarm clock and went out to the sunken rose-garden with a hose-pipe, determined to make the plants good and well for the night. A stray bat was angling in the air and in the cricket ground of the village some boys were playing in the half darkness. A car passed along the main road occasionally, lights flickering through the thorn hedge on to the pink and white and red of the roses.

Roberts sat on an upturned bucket to await the arrival of Miss Prys. He decided that it would be better for him to be present when she came, for there was no knowing what she might do to the wonderful garden if he was not there.

The cats arrived before Miss Prys. Ones and twos slinking in under the gate and across the little lawn to the sunken rose-garden. Others came through gaps in the hedges, and one came with the first stars over the high wall at the north side. The top of that wall was well sprinkled with cut-glass set in cement and Roberts had been convinced that no beast or human could get in that way. But this cat came as of old habit.

Miss Prys herself arrived with a hurricane lantern, a shooting stick, a picnic basket and some crochet work. These she had tied all about her, with the lamp set on the handle of an Otter Master's Stick. She came in through the gate rather slowly, doubtless hampered by all this paraphernalia. Roberts, looking at her light in the darkness, got up from his bucket, for there was no knowing what mood she might be in.

She came up to him moving with a jangle and jingle of the picnic basket. She set down all her luggage and he could see that her face was very red and her voice thick and troubled.

She sat herself very carefully on the shooting stick, not that that was a very successful move, for the canvas had rotted and gave way in a cloud of dust under her. Roberts then went into the house and fetched her a chair and she sat on that with the lantern at her feet, taken now off its pole. And it was as she lifted the pole to the vertical again that she spoke, pointing to the notches set in it.

"Good evening my man, do you see these notches?"

Roberts, wishing to be affable on this difficult occasion, nodded back knowingly.

"Yes, a record of otters killed?"

She shook her head, the shadow of it dark and large on the blooms of the roses.

"Oh no, that is a record of cat-haters I have caught and killed."

Roberts the Bump, thinking that it was some joke about dogs killing cats, laughed. But he ended abruptly as the old lady shook the knob of the pole within two inches of his nose.

In the silence afterwards Miss Prys opened the picnic basket and took out a bottle of gin. She poured some into a plastic tumbler and added Vermouth. Drank it up and looked at the notches of the stick again.

"Are my cats here, my man?"

"Indeed they are, like wasps around a jam pot."

"Good. I like them to be in at the kill."

Roberts smiled again and this time the stick touched him. Quite gently, yet handled with an extraordinary skill. Roberts rubbed the tip of his nose and looked down with some worry at Miss Prys.

Was it the drink or a demented mind? He was not prepared for either of these. He had guessed that difficulties might come this night, scandal and the talk of a night alone with a woman. But he had never worried for his life. Now there seemed to be some danger. The old woman was so patient, yet so certain in her ways. And she handled this stick as handy as a hayman with a pikel. The situation was lonely, and being a woman she had all the advantage.

He thought he would try to humour her.

"Do you like my rose bushes, Miss Prys? True, you cannot see much of them in this darkness but doubtless you can smell the fragrance?"

"They will serve as a good memorial for you, you dreadful man."

AND as if in a playful preliminary she lifted up the stick again and with remarkable speed hit Roberts boldly on the shin of his right leg. He grasped the bruised bone with both hands and while he was thus hopping on one leg she hit him sharply on the other, so that he collapsed into one of his own rose bushes. All this she did while sitting in her chair and with light only from the hurricane lamp.

Roberts came slowly out of the rose bush, prickles tingling in the rear of him. He could see now that this woman meant serious business, and perhaps this summer's night would be the end of him.

He stood meekly before her, his natural diffidence making him gentle.

"And what have I done to deserve this, Miss Prys?"

She waved her long pole again, and he ducked; but she was only playing.

"You were the cause of the death of my Egbert, were you not?"

"The creature hanged itself from one of my standard rose trees. And my beautiful garden is even now at this moment full of your mauling creatures."

He knew that he should not have said that, but the love which he had for his roses made him decide that if this was to be the end, he might as well go with a bang and not a whimper.

She rose up from the chair, picked up the hurricane lamp so as to have more illumination. This in one hand and the stick in the other, she advanced upon Roberts the Bump. If he had been a brave or a cunning man he would doubtless have had the advantage. But he had not these things and was more versed in the ways of plants than in the ways of war.

He turned and ran. That was fatal. She immediately had the upper hand. She threw the heavy stick like a javelin as Roberts went with a struggle to try to find refuge among his rose bushes.

It was a remarkable throw, hampered as the woman was by darkness and age. The pole caught Roberts in the small of the back and collapsed him with a dreadful yell.

MISS PRYS was not content with this triumph. Immediately she started to wade through the blooms, crying like a huntsman when the fox is seen. Roberts, although on home territory, was at a disadvantage on account of having to travel for additional security on his hands and knees. And there was the darkness and the stems of the bushes and an occasional cat which went away into the night with a defiant spit at him.

Roberts crawled right through the garden to the other end. A wiser man and one more experienced in the chase would have done some retracking or have made a detour. But Roberts innocently thought that all was over and that now he could go for the police to rid him of this demon who had come to his rose garden this night.

Even as he crawled out on to the path he saw the lamp of Miss Prys. And she saw him at the same moment and lunged for him as might a man at the pig-sticking. By a quick, lucky movement, Roberts saved the sight of his left eye but has to this day a long furrow of a scar on the top of his left ear.

As she drew in the stick again, Miss Prys looked at the tip of it in the lamplight and gave a tremendous shout:

"Blood!"

Like a bonus per tail to a rat catcher this seemed to give her more strength and cunning. She held up the lamp and watched where the blooms of the roses quavered with the worried crawling of Roberts the Bump. And she reached with her pole for that spot and prodded and poked Roberts in a most dreadful fashion.

In exhaustion Roberts eventually had to lie still in the centre of the garden. And that was his salvation. For she could not trace him, although he could hear her panting and muttering about the paths.

After a time he raised his head above the bushes. Miss Prys must have had eyesight suited to the night much like that of her cats for, immediately, she saw him and was upon him again. Now she seemed to be working to a plan, to drive him up to the glass-topped wall. Ruthlessly and remorselessly she did this, much like beaters do at a shoot.

It is certain that Roberts would either have tried to climb the wall and have cut himself to shreds on the top, or he would have been finally beaten to death by Miss Prys. It would have been either of these two ways of dying, had not Maria, servant at the Top Farm, been going to the village.

She was on her way to report a suspected swine fever case to the police station. But seeing the light and hearing the shouting in the garden of Roberts the Bump, she came up the lane to investigate. She thought at first that it was a visitation, but hearing the shouts of *"Blood!"* and the groans of Roberts, she decided that it was a more earthly business. She told Shelks the Constable about it and eventually he lothfully got out his bicycle and went up to the cottage.

Seeing the light and hearing the noise, he went across the lawn, torch in one hand and his drawn truncheon in the other. Miss Prys saw him coming and, being filled with cunning, she started to sing a hymn tune and call her cats.

Shelks, whose father had been a coachman, had been brought up with a deep respect for the gentry. He asked her very civilly what her business was here this night. She replied that she had come to take home her naughty, truant cats. With a nod to the constable she folded up her picnic basket, uprooted the shooting stick, took up her untouched crocheting and, draping herself with these and holding the stick and lamp, prepared to go.

Shelks watched in some amazement all this paraphernalia and turned up the wick of the lamp when she ordered him to do so.

Then she went away across the lawn and down the lane, all the time singing quite loudly to herself.

IT was only when there was silence again that Roberts the Bump raised his head. Seeing the light of Shelks the Constable he gave a faint cry for help and it was then that the policeman went across to the bottom of the wall.

Shelks could hardly believe the tale. Only when Roberts had fully explained did the constable see what a dreadful crime he had prevented by his arrival. Shelks wanted to send for the doctor, but Roberts said no. That he would rather die an old crock than be bandaged and anointed into eternity. And so Shelks just helped the limping grower of roses into bed and went out into the night, scratching his nose with the worry of this affair.

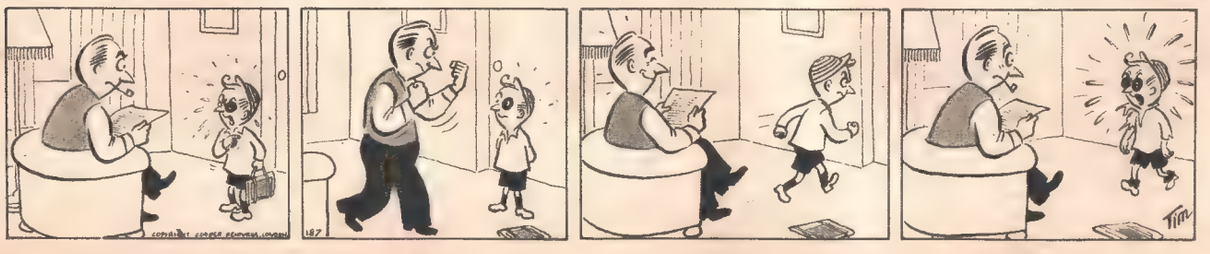
With the weeks that came and went the talk of the affair became the gossip of the village, for Maria the Top Farm told with relish of the sounds that she had heard from the rose-garden that night.

And Roberts the Bump hobbled around for a few days before becoming his old self again. He then tended his garden, and with love and care brought the blooms to perfection once again.

He erected barriers of wire-netting through which no cat could come. The roses bloom, smell wonderful at night. And with no cats, Roberts has no enemy; it is as simple as that.

Miss Prys lives now as before. There has been no prosecution for breaking the peace. For, as Shelks says, she is one of the old ones, lost in the present ways of life, a relic of the gentry. Like a rose-garden, an eccentric should be cherished, and perhaps protected, in a community.

## OH, JOHNNY! by TIM



# Cowboys in the Highlands

*by JOHN NIVEN*

**Cattle ranching has come to Scotland, but cowboys there are no wild hill-billies. They're just quiet fellows in cloth caps and overalls**

Great Glen Cattle Ranch. Land "fit only for a few sheep" has been turned into rich pasture for 400 cows

FOUR YEARS AGO, Joseph William Hobbs, a short, thick-set, middle-aged man with blazing blue eyes, bought an estate near Fort William in the Scottish Highlands and told his friends he was going to retire.

"You retire?" his friends replied. "We'll believe *that* when we see it."

Their scepticism was founded on the knowledge that Hobbs had led a hectic and exciting life. Born on a Hampshire farm, he had emigrated to Alberta as a boy of nine, joined the Canadian Navy in the first World War and transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service. There he had remained until 1930. Then, aged forty, he set out to make his fortune. Ten years later he owned seven distilleries.

Nevertheless, for about two years after his announced retirement, little was heard from Hobbs save that he was, more or less, rusticating on his new estate. One day, he inspected a section of his property lying at the western entrance to the Great Glen.

"This," he said to his then factor, "reminds me of the cattle country I used to know in Alberta. I've a notion to turn it into a ranch."

### Others Were Sceptical

His companion looked dubiously at the high ridge of Auchendaul, covered with bracken and heather, which ran through the heart of the 6,000-acre spread. The valleys, largely bog land infested with rushes, seemed equally scrubby.

"This idea of yours," Hobbs's conservative neighbours warned, "is nothing but a romantic dream. That land is only fit for a few sheep."

Hobbs has a forceful, driving personality, about as easy to check as a bulldozer in low gear.

In eighteen months he reclaimed seventy-five acres of scrub and turned it into lush pastureland. Under his energetic supervision fourteen miles of fences were erected and ten miles of drains were laid down.

Though today there are no twirling lariats or hot branding irons at his Great Glen Ranch, cowpunchers who roam the Highland range tend their four hundred head of good beef cattle with skill and patience. Ranching has been transplanted to Scotland.

Hobbs is not alone in his efforts to increase beef production in the Highlands. At the far end of the Great Glen, which cuts right across Scotland from Loch Linnhe to the Moray Firth, another Highland landowner, Lord Lovat, head of Clan Fraser, is experimenting with a different style of large-scale cattle breeding.

### A Century Ago

In three years, this ex-Commando leader has increased his herd of beef cattle from forty head to six hundred.

Lovat claims he is only setting back the clock to the time, a century ago, when great numbers of cattle were bred in the Highlands. But whereas his cattle are taken off the hill ground during the winter to low-lying pastures, Hobbs's animals remain, winter and summer alike, on the open range. "Great Glen," the latter says proudly, "is the only *real* ranch in Scotland."

Unlike their boss, Hobbs's Highland cowboys have no connection with the great cattle-raising areas of Canada and the United States. That's why they have no lassos swinging from their saddles. Roping is a job you have to learn young and it calls for a pony trained to take the shock of a fighting, kicking animal.

Until two years ago, Hobbs's head cowhand, thirty-eight year old John Cameron, had a small farm and a milk round in Fort William. But he had been used to breeding cattle, on a small scale, all his life—and he could stick on the back of a rugged hill pony.

The boys work hard all the year round on the Great Glen Ranch, but the spring calving season is busiest of all. The work calls for a sharp eye and constant alertness.

Last winter, for instance, Cameron was riding the snow-covered range on the look-out for cows near their time for calving so he could bring them down to the home corral. He had cut out a number of cows from the herd and was driving them slowly to the nearest shelter when he spotted a lone cow high up on the hillside.

He hesitated about taking time out to investigate, since an angry sky and sudden rise of temperature pointed to further snow. On the other hand, he knew an animal does not isolate itself from the herd without reason.

He galloped up to make sure. Then he found that the cow had just been delivered of a white calf which he had been unable to see against the background of snow.

Cameron dismounted, helped the newborn to its trembling legs and saw it draw its first ration from its mother. Then, slowly and patiently, he drove both down into shelter with his other special charges.

### Check-up At Night

In the calving season work goes on night and day. Cameron and John McCallum, another hand, often visit the shelters by lantern light to check up on the cows. Sometimes they act as "midwives" in difficult cases.

The popular idea that cowboys ride everywhere at a mad gallop is a fallacy.

Because Cameron and his men need to keep the cattle quiet, they ride at a walk or slow trot. Even in Texas, where the wild Longhorn steers have vanished from the great plains and have been replaced by fat Hereford cattle, times have changed. Slow and careful handling is the modern rule.

Apart from calving, the most serious winter problem is feeding of the cattle. Hobbs has already built one concrete shelter so that in bad weather the herds can come in from the hills for hay and turnips. Another shelter is under construction, and both are close to a road so that lorries can dump the fodder nearby.

### Calves Are Earmarked

In early summer the sound of lowing cattle and scuffling hooves marks the first round-up. Then, every head is taken to the home corrals near the ranch house, where Cameron lives with his wife and small daughter. The calves are earmarked, as a substitute for branding, and sent back to the range.

Unlike their cinema shadows, Hobbs's cowboys, even during the big round-ups, don't wave ten-gallon hats or don ballooning leather chaps. Instead, they wear overalls, perch caps on the back of their heads, swing into ordinary English riding saddles, whistle up their dogs, and off they go.

Late in the autumn the herd is rounded up again, and the young stock is cut out and sent to the show and sale at Oban. Hobbs has raised about two hundred calves. Later, as the herd increases to one thousand head or more, he intends to run his own auctions on the ranch.

His wife, a slim, good-looking woman with red-gold hair, complains jocularly: "Up here, I think he works even harder than before he 'retired.'"

But she concedes that if her husband makes a success of his ranching experiment and puts more meat on Britain's tables it will be work worth while.

## GAME RESERVE

Continued from page 8

rather cramped and there was no point having the guide in the car so long as they all kept close together. The men were quite willing, and neither Mary nor the colonel made any protest. So the first hurdle was safely cleared.

For the next hour and a half the convoy went on along the barely visible tracks in the reserve. Sometimes it was open country, sometimes thickly covered with flat-topped acacia scrub. And it was almost dead flat except for a few dried-up watercourses. It was also teeming with game. Buffalo looked up and lowered their heads. Elephant ambled slowly along engrossed in their own thoughts. A leopard scampered into the long grass.

It was not till it started to get dusk that Dennis began to think of the next step. There would be no difficulty in losing oneself. There were no certain landmarks, and he could not have found his own way back to Rwindi Camp if he had wanted to. However, he began to lag a little behind the car in front, and then suddenly the opportunity was presented to him. They had just turned a corner round a euphorbia tree when a huge grey form stepped out into the track in front, between them and the next car. It went along the track for a few yards, flapping its vast ears, and then disappeared into the undergrowth on the left. By that time the rest of the cars had vanished. They really were lost.

Dennis drove on for five minutes as though he knew what he was doing, and then he slowly drew up.

"Any idea where we are, Colonel?" he asked. "I'm afraid we're off the track."

"Don't worry, my boy," the colonel replied at once. "I think I can direct you. We're going too much to the south. Bear right here."

Dennis drove on for another ten minutes under the colonel's directions, and by that time they were more hopelessly lost than ever. It was getting dark and, while the colonel was reassuring the ladies and saying there was nothing to worry about, Dennis suddenly remembered the headlights. Surely the obvious thing to do was to drive the car up a slope and turn the headlights on. That would not only frighten away the animals but enable a search party to find them quite soon. Much too soon for Dennis's purposes.

When he thought of this, he decided he must ditch the car as quickly as possible. The opportunity came with one of the dried-up watercourses. It was a steep little descent and a sharp little rise. Dennis took it too steeply and too fast. The nose of the car was stuck firmly in the opposite bank, and though it remained level they could neither go forward nor go back. What was more important, one headlight was broken and the other pointed right into the root of a tree.

Dennis took his hands off the steering wheel and unconcernedly lit a cigarette.

"Well, that's torn it," he said quite cheerfully. "We're not only lost, but stuck."

Mary was the only one who was at all frightened. She thought of the comfortable house at Surbiton with its linen sheets and wished she had never left it. The colonel had had many worse experiences in the Himalayas and recounted them at some length. Rhoda and Dennis were more practical. They said that as they were there for the night they had better make themselves as comfortable as they could and got out the picnic basket.

There were some chocolate and bananas and biscuits to eat, and it was Rhoda who poured out the two cups of coffee in the front seat and handed them back to Mary and the colonel. It was dark by now except for the dim light of a quarter moon, and the noises that came out of the shadowy blankness around them were a little sinister. The coffee, however, was very comforting, especially when the colonel laced his with some whisky from his flask and then handed it round for the others to do the same. He again said that there was nothing to worry about. They would be as snug there as four bugs in a rug, and the sun would be rising before they knew where they were.

Ten minutes later there was complete silence in the back seat. The drug had already taken effect. Rhoda leaned back and felt one limp hand after another. Then she nodded to Dennis in the dim light that came from the dashboard. Dennis laughed quietly and kissed her. Then he opened the door beside him.

"Are you going to finish it off now?" Rhoda asked tensely.

"Not yet." Dennis was quite casual. "I must find a place to dump them. Somewhere where the animals will find them. And not too near. There may be a waterhole down this nullah. The animals always come to water at dawn."

"I'm coming, too," Rhoda said firmly.

"All right. Come on." Dennis picked up a heavy spanner. "We've got plenty of time. They'll be out for four hours at least."

It was eerie stepping out into the murmuring velvety night. But the light was better when they had climbed up the bank, and they could just distinguish bushes and trees as well as the line of the watercourse. They followed that down, moving warily for about two hundred yards. Then Rhoda suddenly whispered: "I think there's water there, beyond that big grey stone." And she moved aside to look more closely.

It was water all right. But the big, grey stone was a buffalo. Its first charge knocked Rhoda down. Dennis did his best for her, first throwing the heavy spanner and then firing two shots from his revolver at the animal's head. But that merely diverted the attack on to him. It came with a speed that he never anticipated and he, too, went down and was pounded into lifelessness. The buffalo paused long enough to make sure that Rhoda was finished. Then it lumbered sullenly off into the bush to try and get a good night's rest elsewhere.

When the colonel woke up the first light of dawn was in the sky. He always woke brightly, and his first words were: "What did I tell you? It's light already!" But then he noticed that he hadn't got an audience and stopped. Mary was still sound asleep and Rhoda and Dennis were no longer in the car.

There was a slight buzzing in his ears, and when he got down to thinking of it he found that there was something more that was worrying him. Whether he had dreamed it or not, he had a strange idea that he had heard two shots some time during the night. That combined with the absence of Rhoda and Dennis troubled him, and he was just going to get out of the car to investigate when there was a scuffle up the bank.

He fully expected to see a lion or an elephant, but it was a Belgian official from the camp with two native guides.

The Belgian clambered down quickly.

"Are you all right?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes. We got ditched."

"And the lady?"

"She's still asleep."

The Belgian moistened his lips.

"There's been a terrible accident," he said. "Your wife. Her husband."

The colonel stared. "Dead?" he asked.

"Yes," the Belgian whispered. "We think it must have been a buffalo, but we can't be sure. . . . They went out to try and find the track, I suppose."

"Yes," the colonel said faintly. "I suppose they did."

Mary stirred slightly in her sleep as he said this, and he went on quickly: "Leave me now, please. I must have time to think. I'll break it to her when she wakes up."

Curiously enough, the colonel's first thoughts when he was left alone were not of Rhoda, but of Mary there beside him. Poor little woman, he thought, poor little woman! What a shock this is going to be! But then as her eyes remained shut, his thoughts did turn to Dennis and Rhoda. They must have gone out to look for the track as the Belgian had suggested. That was the only explanation. It was very silly of them. They ought to have waited till he was awake. He knew the ways of the jungle, and the risks one could take and the risks one couldn't. Very silly, he thought. Poor Rhoda! So pretty and so silly. He hoped she had not suffered at all.

When Mary did wake up, he told her very simply and very kindly. Mary cried a good deal, but that was shock as much as anything else. And, although he had very little to go on, he told her much more than the Belgian had told him. He said it was clear from the way they were found that it was instantaneous and that it was Rhoda who was first attacked. Dennis had tried to draw the beast off by firing the shots and had got gored himself. A very gallant fellow, the colonel said. And Mary was comforted.

No inquest was held. It was so obvious what had happened. But the interesting thing is that the marriage which took place was not a year later, and between Rhoda and Dennis: but only six months later and between the colonel and Mary. He remained as convinced as ever about Dennis's gallantry and composed a sonnet about him and Rhoda the very day he married Mary.

Mary, of course, knew that he was rather a bore by then. But she also knew that he was a very kind man and she was happier with him than she had been with either of her earlier husbands. Besides, with both their incomes to spend, they could afford to travel as much as they wanted.

**"I know it's thoughtful of them to bring us butter when they visit, but it's the same bit we keep taking them"**

## NOW YOU KNOW

GETTING A DRIVING LICENCE for the first time is more of a business than it used to be, but the routine is simple. The first step is to take out a provisional licence (you apply on Form D.L.1 from any post office). This costs 5s. and is valid for three months.

With the licence you will get a free copy of the Highway Code and two "L" plates which must be fixed on the front and rear of your vehicle.

You are now ready to drive—but only when accompanied by a qualified driver. You can either get a friend to come out with you or take a course of instruction at a motoring school.

When you feel ready for a test, apply (Form D.L.26 from the post office) to the Ministry of Transport. They will arrange for you to go to one of their centres for a test in your own vehicle. It costs 7s. 6d. and usually lasts about forty minutes.

If you fail and your provisional licence has expired, you can renew it (another 5s.) and take the test again (another 7s. 6d.) after a month.

Although he is not allowed to discuss your test, the examiner will give you a form indicating the things on which you should brush up. But don't worry. Most people get through.

# HANGOVER HOUSE

## *by SAX ROHMER*

ILLUSTRATED BY SEABRIGHT

**Near to breaking point, Hilary cannot decide whether to confide in Kennedy or not. Kennedy himself is tackling another line: how strong are other alibis?**

FOR THE UNWILLING guests at Hangover House, it had been a sleepless night. And now, the morning brought no respite to the strain of the last few hours.

Scotland Yard detectives arrived early, and everyone was interrogated—Peter Faraway, young scatterbrained husband of American Joan Faraway who had given the party (and then left early); Mohammed, the Egyptian; Mrs. Muller and her unsought-after escort, the ineffectual Mr. Lovelace; Sidonia, the dance band singer who had been flirting with Peter Faraway; Larkhall Pike, the elderly and irascible occupier of the mansion; the dauntless "Elfie" Elphinstowe, aunt and companion of Lady Hilary Bruton; Hilary herself—and Storm Kennedy, private detective.

Hilary knew the identity of the man who had been stabbed with an Oriental dagger. Her secret was known only to Kennedy, who had been assigned by Lord Glengale, Hilary's father, to protect Hilary from a man whom he believed was blackmailing her.

Kennedy had arrived late at the party, after driving through the fog, and the stabbing must have taken place soon after. He had seen a woman's footprints in the blood—and Hilary's handkerchief. He had pocketed the handkerchief, effaced the footprints.

Soon after, there had been another shock. Sidonia, the blonde singer, had been found unconscious. She had tripped over the body, and fainted.

To keep her real identity out of the investigation, Hilary had given her name as Mary Bruton to Chief Inspector McGraw of Scotland Yard. Fearing McGraw would learn the truth, Kennedy tried to get her to tell him how she was involved with the murdered man. As a last resort, he produced the handkerchief. "This handkerchief lay beside the dead man, Hilary," he said. "It's yours, isn't it?"

### PART IV

### *Hilary's Dilemma*

"YES—it is mine."

Hilary's voice, low pitched, was quite steady. Now that danger was no longer merely apprehended, but here, she betrayed no trace of fear. Her eyes met Storm Kennedy's glance calmly. Her chin was firm. She had achieved, again, one of those feats of self control which always won his admiration.

He stood watching her in silence. Afterwards, he remembered that a thrush called, perched on a branch of a Japanese cherry tree nearly overhead and was answered from far away. At last he said:

"No one else knows, but I think it would be better if I kept it."

He replaced the handkerchief in the envelope and the envelope in his pocket. Then Hilary spoke.

"Are you going to ask me how it came to be—where you found it?"

"Not if you don't want to tell me."

"I can't tell you . . . because I don't know."

"Had you missed it?"

"No." She shook her head slightly. "Not until I saw it in your hand. I had another one with me."

"Hilary," he spoke earnestly, appealingly, "if I say that I am deeply concerned about you, won't you give me your confidence?"

She watched him with steady grey eyes.

"Why are you so concerned about me? I have told you I'm not worth it."

"Because I like you very much, and I can't bear to see you getting deeper and deeper into this ghastly business."

Hilary glanced away, and he saw her hands opening and closing in indecision. The impulse was there, an impulse to cast the burden of her despair on to the shoulders of this capable man who—she gave him a swift glance—who cared for her, who, perhaps. . . .

But impulse lost the battle. How *could* she tell him?

She shook her head again. Her lashes were wet, for, suddenly, Hilary wanted to cry. Kennedy waited. Slowly, painfully, he was beginning to understand her moods. This thing had struck deeper than Lord Glengale suspected—or had cared to admit.

After a minute he thought he might safely speak.

"Take your own time, Hilary," he said. "We have no choice but to see this affair through together. It's just a matter of luck that McGraw hasn't found out yet how you tried to conceal your name. He is sure to find out, and that one slip will lead him to doubt the truth of everything else you have told them."

"I know." Hilary was composed again. "I have been an awful fool. And you—" the grey eyes were raised momentarily to his—"have been so wonderfully patient with me. I can never hope to thank you for what you have done."

He found her hand in his, felt its firm clasp, and knew that his heart was beating too rapidly. He raised her fingers—then restrained himself. This was madness!

Hilary turned away quickly when he released her hand, and ran back towards the house.

Miss Elphinstowe met her as she came running up the steps to that corner of the terrace which overlooked a weedy lily pond.

"Is there anyone in that beastly little room, Elfie?"

"No, dear."

Hilary ran in. Elfie followed.

She found Hilary prone on the worn leather couch, her face buried in her hands, sobbing wildly. After one shocked look, she was beside her, an encouraging arm around the shaking figure.

"My dear child! What is all this about?"

"It's about myself!" Hilary whispered. "I'm rotten. I'm not fit for any decent man to look at. . . ."

Elfie held her tightly, but didn't speak at once; then:

"Shut up!" she said, gruffly. "Shut up!"

"I won't. It's true. . . . That devil—he's dead, now, but still a devil—has ruined my life. . . ."

"Be quiet, Hilary, if you don't want me to give you a good hiding!"

The sobs subsided.

"Just when . . . at last . . . after all the wrong kind . . . someone turns up who. . . ."

ELFIE nodded; and her smile—invisible to Hilary—was an understanding smile. "They do, you know. It was the same with Ronnie and Agatha—I'm talking about your father and mother. Poor Aggie was all lashed up with a marine. My dear! The trouble she had to shake him off when she met Ronnie! In the strictest confidence, dear, things had gone pretty far. We belong to a seafaring family, and stand by Nelson's motto — 'Engage the enemy more closely.'"

Hilary half turned a tear-stained face to look up at Elfie.

"Was mother really as rackety as I am?"

"Pretty nearly. She'd weathered a good few storms before she made port."

Hilary began to dry her tears, and then: "How long have I known Bill—Storm Kennedy?" she asked, swallowing hard.

"The first I ever heard of him was after a theatre party last November, with the Elwingtons. You came in next morning and raved about him——"

"I didn't!"

"Very well. You didn't. But that's the first I heard of him."

"Then we have really known one another quite a long time."

"Depends how often you've seen him since."

"Only twice, until—now."

"Hilary!" Miss Elphinstowe raised Hilary to a seated position. "I tipped you to tell him the whole story, chance what he thought, and ask him to do all he knew how to——"

"How can I?"

"You'll have to, sooner or later. If you don't, this damned policeman will burrow down to it. He's dangerous."

"I know he is."

"We're in up to the eyebrows—you and I. If ever two silly women needed help, *we* do!"

AND Storm Kennedy, had he been present, would have shared Elfie's opinion. He walked slowly back down the sloping, neglected garden, wondering how he had succeeded in offending Hilary again. That abrupt parting, by the lily pool; the way she had averted her face and run up the steps.

Perhaps, in any event, it was as well. The sooner he went to work to forget Lady Hilary Bruton, only daughter of the Marquess of Glengale, and a wealthy woman in her own rights, the better for him. He would start the very moment that she was cleared of this sordid affair. Only those cynical gods who control human passions could inform him how deeply she was involved; and this being so, he could never hope to find out, unless Hilary told him. But, even against her infuriating reticence, and however irreparably he offended her, he would fight to save Hilary from the penalty of her own folly. . . .

His reflections were interrupted by a curious sight.

He had reached that dilapidated summerhouse, which once had fronted on to velvet lawns but which now lay half buried in undergrowth and smothered in creeping weeds. On the step, soles upward in early morning sun, he saw a pair of high-heeled shoes!

Walking to the doorway, he looked in—and there was the bronze Sidonia, a grotesque figure in her evening frock, stockinged feet tucked up on the seat, a sable wrap beside her. She was busily adjusting her make-up.

"Good morning," he said.

She gave him a glance.

"Hallo! Just fixing my glamour. I look as though I'd been dragged backwards through a jungle by a tiger who preferred ash blondes."

"I saw your shoes on the step."

"Sure. Been washing the blood off. They're out there to dry. What a night! The gay twenties all over again, I guess."

He went in and sat down facing her.

"Cigarette? I still have a few left."

"No, thanks. I need some coffee."

She went on using her lipstick. "This place is full of ants and earwigs."

"Sure to be. Do you feel any the worse for your horrible experience?"

"I feel quite out of this world! Why,

I almost fell over him in the dark! Then, right outside the powder room, I saw my own tracks—all blood . . . ! Boy! Was I sick!"

"You have my sympathy."

"A cup of coffee would make a bigger hit. I maybe used a few over the eight last night, and I have a delicate stomach. What with that and the blood, I was never so sick in my life since I crossed to Europe in a hurricane."

Sidonia, it seemed, was far from inarticulate, once she got going.

"And what happened next?"

She screwed on the top of her lipstick and took out a comb.

"I fainted—if you can believe it. I remember falling down the steps, and then a blackout. Next shot I remember is Miss Elephant's Toe pouring a two-gallon pitcher o' water over me. Aw, hell!"

She began to comb her hair, making the queerest grimaces into a little hand-mirror as she did so, and wincing once or twice.

"Head aching?"

"Somewhat. I fell on it."

Leaving her, Storm Kennedy went towards the house, making his way through a heavily armoured battalion of thistles which invaded the gravel path. Mrs. Muller was coming towards him, a mink-enveloped figure more appropriate at a West End first night than in this rustic early-morning setting. She was hurrying, but hesitated for a moment, glancing back over one shoulder, and then advanced as if to sanctuary. Suddenly she saw Kennedy.

"I wonder if you would do me a favour," she said. "Mr.——"

"Storm Kennedy."

"Of course. Forgive me. But, really, I barely know my own name! There's no sign yet of the promised 'refreshments,' and I haven't the least idea what the Scotland Yard men are up to. But I simply must get a breath of fresh air!"

"We all deserve that, at least."

"And I *must* escape, if only for five minutes, from my cavalier!"

"Lovelace?"

"Yes. Here he comes! Do you think, Mr. Kennedy—it would be so kind of you——"

"Leave him to me," said Kennedy, staring up the path to where Mr. Lovelace weaved an astigmatic course in and out among thistles. "I'll take care of him."

"A thousand thanks!"

Mrs. Muller gave him the accolade of a grateful smile and went on, battling in her high-heeled shoes and gossamer stockings through platoons of thistles.

WHEN Mr. Lovelace, his eyes distorted by the thick lenses of his spectacles, drew near enough, Kennedy clapped a hand on his shoulder. Lovelace started so violently that Kennedy wondered, for a moment.

"The very man I'm looking for," he declared. "You and I must have a chat."

"Really! Er—that is, certainly. By all means."

Storm Kennedy took Lovelace's arm and turned him about.

"We'll walk this way. You see, what I have in mind is rather important. It must be quite clear to you, and to the police, that you have no alibi. Had you thought of that?"

Lovelace pulled up so suddenly, and so determinedly, that Kennedy was brought to a momentary halt, also. The young man's pale blue eyes behind the lenses of his glasses were widely opened.

"What's that? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Have you told the police where you were between the time that I left you in the big room and the time that you appeared behind me on the steps? Don't misunderstand me. I'm not suggesting that you committed the murder. But, as a matter of interest, where did you go?"

Lovelace fumbled with his tie.

"I—er—went to the gent's toilet."

"Gent's toilet?" Storm Kennedy gave him a sharp glance. "And where might that be?"

The term had confirmed an earlier impression—an impression that Mr. Lovelace was not all his exterior suggested.

"In—er—a corner of the lobby."

"Indeed."

Kennedy thought rapidly. This was quite possible. After he had met Amelia Elphinstowe in the lobby, he remembered that they had gone straight through to the ladies' room to look for Hilary.

"Of course, I can't prove it, if that's what you're driving at. I never met a soul."

"No. That does make it awkward. I suppose you didn't notice the Egyptian gentleman about anywhere?"

"I didn't. Perhaps—er—you feel the same as I do? That he's the likeliest of the lot?"

THEY were walking on again. But Kennedy sensed the fact that Lovelace was keenly on guard, the fact (which, dimly, he had suspected already) that the man was hiding something.

"Why should he be?"

"Well—the dagger——"

"Oriental weapon? But he'd hardly be likely to leave it behind, do you think? You don't happen to know who or what he is, I suppose?"

"His name's Mohammed—something. I didn't quite catch it. He was telling fortunes."

"Oh, I see; one of the people supplied by the caterer?"

"No, oh no! Nothing to do with Jarretts. The firm—I mean Jarretts—were responsible for the cold buffet and the dance band. Mohammed was one of the guests."

"Really? How queer. Who supplied the drinks, then?"

"Mrs. Faraway. Jarretts couldn't undertake that, you know, not nowadays. All—er—black market stuff."

Kennedy had a strong impulse to push the inquiry further, but prudence prompted that he reserve this for another time. As he and Lovelace passed along the northern end of the terrace, which was not barricaded, he could hear Peter Faraway's voice in the study, for the window was open. . . .

"Quite sure, Mr. Faraway," McGraw was saying, "you never saw the head man before?"

"Positive. Complete stranger."

Peter sat in an armchair, wearing his tail coat, and silk muffler in lieu of a collar and tie. McGraw leaned back against the desk, and Sergeant Sample sat behind it.

"I want a complete list of guests invited last night. Got one?"

"Heavens, no! It was Joan's party."

"Understand that printed invitations went out. Who sent them?"

Peter combed his hair with his fingers.

"Let me see. I must think. . . . Oh, yes! Cramp."

"Cramp?"

"Our butler."

"Then Cramp had a list of the guests?"

"I suppose so."

"Like to have your London phone number. We'll call him."

"Oh, rather! It's Mayfair One . . . but wait a minute. Let me think. . . . What day is it?"

"Wednesday the twenty-third," said Sample mechanically.

"Then he's not there!"

"Who's not where?" McGraw inquired, opening his eyes rather irritably.

"Cramp. He left on Monday."

"Is that so? Will Mrs. Faraway be at home?"

"I shouldn't think so. I hear she took the Fergusons with her. And the Fergusons live in Brighton."

"Too bad." McGraw chewed a while in silence, then: "It's not clear from your signed statement where you were at the time the crime was committed. Where were you?"

"Let me see. Where was I? I remember I had a drink with what's-her-name-Sidonia. We were told the bar was closing, everybody buzzing off. Then—let me think—yes, by Jove! We wandered away in the fog, and I believe—I can't be sure—I got rather serious with her."

"That's bad, too."

"I quite agree!" He grinned at Sample. "Don't you agree, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did this occur?" McGraw drawled.

"I couldn't swear to it, but I think it was a potting-shed!"

"Most appropriate. After that?"

"Let me see. . . . I began to feel sleepy, and rather cross. I sort of broke up the conference, and wandered back——"

"Leaving the lady in the potting-shed?"

"I'm not sure—but I think she went out first."

McGraw's drooping eyelids flickered.

"On that point, Mr. Faraway, I must have a clear statement. Did the lady leave you, or did you leave the lady?"

"Yes—I see your point, Inspector. You can see his point, can't you, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did I. . . . Let me think. Ah! Got it! *She* went out first. I remember she made some remark. When I followed on, she had pushed off. I thought she might get lost in the fog, and so I let out several yells and waved a flashlamp I had with me. Just as I got to the steps——"

"Have you evidence on that point? If so, remember it. We may want you back later. You can go now."

Peter made for the door like a schoolboy released from classroom. McGraw didn't move.

Sample stared after the departing witness.

"He's not over bright for his years, sir."

"A man's only as old as his experience. There are Peter Pans with whiskers. Completed your list of cars?"

Sergeant Sample stood up.

"Here on the desk. There's a hired car in a lane by a back entrance, from a garage in Hanover Square. But the local police can get no reply from the office. I've put a cross against another. Note the owner of the Bentley."

McGraw walked round and sat in the chair.

He glanced down and then whistled, softly.

"Marquess of Glengale! Now—who came in *that* one?"

KENNEDY carried the old canvas deck-chair back to that spiderous shed in which he had found it. Here, with luck, he might hope to remain undisturbed for ten minutes. He was becoming bewildered; recognized the necessity of setting down known facts and trying to balance them.

He had a fairly clear idea of the nature of the "experiment" to which McGraw had referred. McGraw hoped to find out who had switched off the floor lamp in Larkhall Pike's study. Seating himself in the chair, his back to the door, he took out a notebook and pencil, and began to write. First, he wrote:

*Witnesses who might, or who did mention this incident in evidence given to Superintendent Croker:*

*1. Mohammed Ibn Lahûn;*
*2. Myself;*
*3. Larkhall Pike.*

Chief Detective Inspector McGraw was a competent officer. He would have come to the conclusion that the murderer had run back to the house, retreated through the study window, which was open, and switched off the light.

Kennedy studied his notes, and then added:

*Persons present who might (in McGraw's view) have done this:*

*1. Myself;*
*2. Mohammed Ibn Lahûn;*
*3. Almost anybody else on the premises excepting Peter. (His alibi resting solely on my evidence.)*

He considered these notes awhile, and then wrote:

*Persons present who could be proved to have any motive in the killing:*

*Hilary (assuming the dead man to be her persecutor).*

He wrote on rapidly:

*Exact whereabouts of others present at the time that the crime was committed:*

*Unknown!*

He continued:

*Apart from motive (sure to come to light) Hilary's presence in the dark study immediately after the murder is known to:*

*1. Elfie;*
*2. Myself.*

Storm Kennedy lay back in the canvas chair, opened his cigarette case and found it was empty. He lolled, closing his eyes for a moment. He opened them again, and wrote:

*Why was Mohammed invited? (Question Peter.)*

To this he added:

*Who is Lovelace? (Get his background, when he isn't so scared.)*

He lay inert for a long time, and then, turning to a new page, wrote:

*Could the dagger used have come from the collection in Larkhall Pike's study? (Check.)*

*Is there any explanation of Hilary's handkerchief lying beside the dead man other than that she was with him at the time of his death?*

He considered these notes, and finally jotted down:

*What other evidence, unknown to me, have the police discovered?*

*(Inspector Hawley—very capable—spent the night searching the grounds.)*

He dropped back again, closed his eyes.

Hilary was lovely. He wished, with all the enthusiasm of a fancy free bachelor, that he had never met her. In the first place, a woman could be no more than an intrusion in the life of a private investigator. The crowned king of them all, Sherlock Holmes, had been immune. In the second place, assuming for the moment that a woman could be admitted to his career, Hilary was unattainable.

That she had (evidently) lived something of an undercover life, been in up to her neck with a modern Casanova, didn't disturb him in the least. He was willing to concede wild oats to a woman, having sown a few himself. The plain facts remained that she was adorable, that she had the courage of any man he had ever known, that she would be a wonderful mate. Elfie's fidelity, alone,

**"I'm not fit for any decent man to look at," Hilary sobbed. Elfie held her. She said gruffly: "Shut up!"**

bore witness to this. Fine woman, Elfie.

But, apart from the circumstance that she didn't seem to care a lot about him, Hilary was one of the few really wealthy girls mentioned in Debrett. And he was William Storm Kennedy, ex-officer, with a decent record but no source of revenue other than his earnings!

"Effendi!"

Kennedy opened his eyes and saw Mohammed standing in the doorway.

"Hallo."

"Your spirit is troubled."

"Yes, it is, rather."

"You are surrounded, sir, by disturbing vibrations." Mohammed bowed his head, and came into the hut, where he stood watching Kennedy with those brilliant, unfathomable eyes.

"I am of Egypt. My family owns much property in the Fayyum."

"Indeed? What are you doing in England?"

"I follow my star, effendi. I am a seer."

"You mean a fortune-teller?"

A slight frown disturbed the serenity of Mohammed's brow.

"I am the Sherif Mohammed Ibn Lahûn. Ten times I have kissed the Kaaba. For many generations one of my family has escorted the Mahmal to Mecca. On our estates have been reared many of those milk-white camels which bear the Holy Carpet."

Storm Kennedy's sense of bewilderment began to increase. Was this man a lunatic or just an impostor? In either event, what was he doing here? He sat up.

"Sorry if I said the wrong thing. I had no intention of being offensive."

Mohammed bowed gravely.

"Where no offence is designed, let none be taken. This is a house of evil. And an evil man was slain here last night. Even in death, one sees that an aura of wickedness surrounds him."

Storm Kennedy was watching Mohammed closely now.

"You appear to be uncommonly gifted."

"I am descended from the Prophet, may his name be ever blessed; and the spirit of prophecy was born in me. It was written that this man should die as he did."

"Does the spirit of prophecy move you to point out the murderer?"

"It was not murder. It was the justice of God. *La il aha il'a Allah!*"

Kennedy hesitated. He found the mild but fixed regard of those deer-like eyes almost hypnotic. At last:

"I suppose you are a friend of Peter Faraway's, Mr. Ibn Lahûn?" he suggested.

"I have the honour to be a friend of Mrs. Faraway. I am her guest. Your spirit is troubled. You are concerned in the welfare of a lady who is here. I have looked into the minds of many of those present; as, now, I look into yours. Compel her confidence, effendi, or worse may befall. Evil passions, long pent up, have been released in this house. I heard the sound of their wings in the night. . . . I try only to help. . . ."

He crossed his hands on his breast and bowed.

"*Es-selâm aleykûm.*"

He moved to the doorway.

"Thanks," said Storm Kennedy.

THE heavy draperies had been drawn in Larkhall Pike's study. On the desk a green-shaded lamp was alight. The standard near the windows gave all there was of extra illumination, and the room lay largely in shadow. A thin shaft from a crack in a lampshade shone, like a stage spotlight, on to the brightly painted funeral mask of some Egyptian woman of long ago.

McGraw sat behind the desk, and Sample stood near the door.

"This one won't be much good for the lights," drawled McGraw. "But she's a possible for the necklace. That's why I sent for her."

"That necklace," Sample announced, "is the biggest puzzle of the lot, to me. You know where Inspector Hawley found it: fifty yards down the garden. Well, anybody might have dropped it, except——"

"Except that the dead man's fingerprints are on it! So *he* must have dropped it. As men don't wear Egyptian necklaces, we'll have to find out who it belongs to."

"Case was stone cold when we got here," Sample declared, his tone suggesting that he wouldn't have cared if it had been frozen.

"They generally are."

There was a rap on the door, and a police sergeant announced:

"Mrs. Muller, sir."

Mrs. Muller came in, as the sergeant retired and closed the door. She had abandoned her mink.

"Ah, Mrs. Muller—" McGraw smiled, and his smile was surprisingly unfamiliar —"find it dark in here?"

"It is, rather, coming in from sunshine."

"Please sit down."

McGraw noted that her frock was wine coloured and revealed the shapely contours of ivory arms and shoulders. A pair of thin gloves, dyed to match the frock, were tucked into a broad, barbaric gold bangle, so that they hung from her wrist like a scarf.

She crossed and sat in an armchair facing the chief inspector. She was smoking a cigarette; and now took a dainty case from her handbag.

"Will you try one of mine, Inspector?"

"Thanks, no. When I think, I chew. You came in here last night to try to

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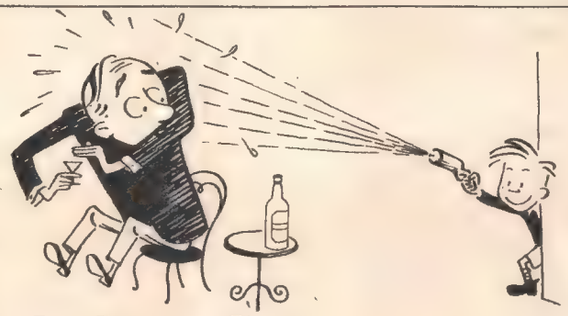

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## HANGOVER HOUSE

Continued from previous page

make a phone call. Was this how the room was lighted?"

Mrs. Muller glanced around.

"No. There were more lights."

"Is that so? Now—" McGraw held up a typed page—"is there anything you want to add to the evidence you gave to Superintendent Croker?"

"I don't think so, Inspector."

McGraw nodded, and dropped the page.

"You came alone in a hired car, I see. Was this the car from Hanover Square?"

"Oh, dear! I'm dropping ash!" Mrs Muller looked down at the worn carpet. Sample put a tray on the arm of her chair. "No. Mine was from Auto-Hire."

"Then where is it?"

"Well, my driver asked, shortly after I arrived, if he could take some people back somewhere. He said he would be no more than half an hour. I can only suppose he was fog-bound, like everyone else."

"Probably turn up. You're an old friend of Mrs. Faraway's?"

"Not really. I met her when we crossed together from New York years ago. But I hadn't seen much of her since her marriage, and had never met her husband."

"See her last night?"

"Unfortunately, no. She had already gone."

"Odd behaviour for a hostess."

"Very! But Joan *is* odd."

McGRAW flashed a comprehensive glance at her from under drooping lids.

"Now, Mrs. Muller, only one more point. Have you missed any jewellery?"

She looked almost startled, then shook her head.

"No. What I wore when I came I have now."

"Is that so? Tell me, then—did you see anyone last night who wore an Egyptian enamel necklace—sort of rising sun, crescent shaped? Think. It's important."

She thought for a minute, puckering her brows. "No, Inspector. I can recall no one wearing the kind of necklace you describe."

"Thanks."

Mrs. Muller stood up. McGraw decided that she had beauty, of an exotic kind, an alluringly husky voice and marked strength of character.

"Do you think I might be able to leave soon, Inspector, if my missing driver comes for me?"

"Hope so. But please wait, for the present."

Sample opened the door for her.

"I believe sandwiches and coffee are available," he said, his tone suggesting that he hoped they were not.

"Oh, thank you."

As she went out, Sample reclosed the door and turned to stare at the chief inspector.

"Attractive woman," he said.

"Very attractive," said McGraw.

He tapped his chin pensively.

Sample coughed.

"Suppose I send for the ambulance and have the body removed?"

"Getting jumpy? No, leave it up there. I want that doctor to explain something—something I don't understand. Get the singing girl."

A moment later, with another rap on the door, the sergeant announced:

"Miss Sidney, sir."

Sidonia came in, walking like a mannequin and trailing her sables negligently on the carpet. She looked around through narrowed lids.

"Say—do I go blind, or does a fuse blow?"

"Sit down, Miss Sidney. You find it darker than last time you were here?"

Sidonia paused on her way across to the armchair.

"Last time? There wasn't a last time. I've never been in this morgue before."

"Is that so?"—as Sidonia sat down, watching McGraw. "Well, as you're in it now, perhaps you can help me. Did you come alone last night?"

"I came with Sammy," she said, in a bored voice.

"Who's Sammy?"

"Sammy Sams. His band played here last night. Didn't you know?"

"I accept your word for it. Why didn't you go back with him?"

"Because I was nuts. Peter promised to drive me home."

"I see. Did you lose any jewellery?"

"Jewellery? I lost nothing, except my reputation."

"Were you here almost from the start of the party?"

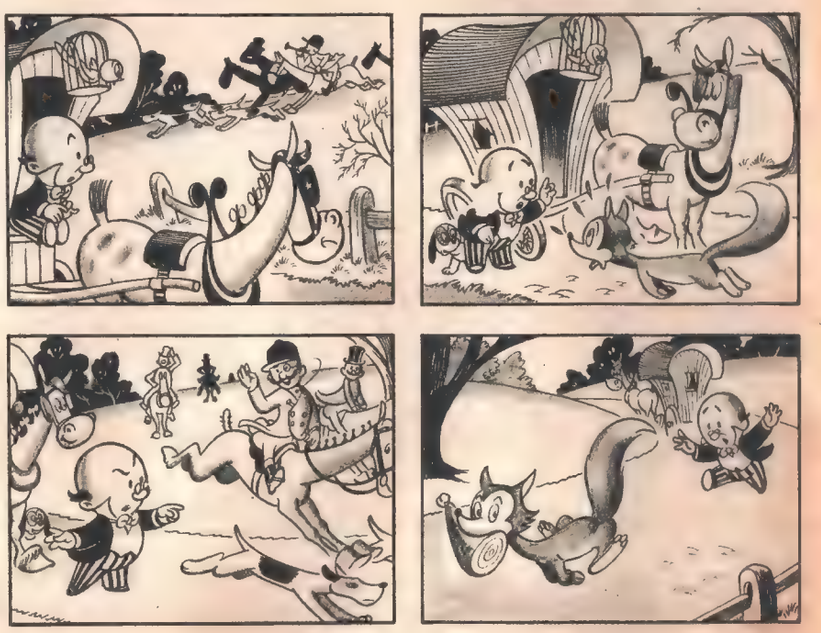
"Right along."

"Then no doubt you will be able to tell

Continued on page 29

## MR. DIMPLE

*by David Hand*



# I can always end up laughing

## by HERBERT HODGE

I'VE OFTEN WONDERED why it is that although no one looks surprised when a woman wishes she were a man, nearly everyone seems to think it very odd if a man sometimes wishes he were a woman.

Personally, I think it's a very natural wish—especially at this time of year.

This is the time, from November to March, when a man is most liable to be afflicted with melancholy moods—when the weather, the work, the wages, the news and just about everything else seem even more unendurable than usual.

It's at moments like this that a man sometimes wants to be a woman.

### When Men Could Cry

If only he were a woman, he feels, he could sit down and have a good cry—and get it out of his system. But a man hasn't got this ability to relieve his feelings by crying. Or, at least, I haven't. I can't remember crying at all after I was about six years old.

This seems to be mainly a modern difficulty. There used to be a time when a man could cry as easily as a woman—and not be thought unmanly for doing so.

The old Elizabethan sailors, for instance, the chaps who tackled the Spanish Armada, apparently found it quite easy to weep when they felt like it. And my grandmother once told me that my own forebears, mostly seamen, also enjoyed their little weep when they were in the mood.

But nowadays we men seem to have lost the knack. When we feel melancholy we can only try to make ourselves laugh. Which—since we don't feel like laughing—can be very difficult.

### The Soaker's Method

Of course, chaps who can afford it sometimes try to drown their sorrows in drink. I knew a chap who tried that method. But the more he drank, the more melancholy he got, until he burst into tears and had to be carried home. Still, he achieved his object and broke the mood—though it was liable to come expensive, even in prewar days.

But that kind of thing doesn't work with me. It only adds a headache to the misery.

Another friend of mine can cheer himself up with a bit of lively music whenever he wants it. He doesn't have to depend on his luck with radio programmes or gramophone records or on any kind of outside help.

All he has to do is to lie back, shut his eyes and listen to the music in his head—brass bands, symphony orchestras and even massed choirs. He chooses the piece of music and then conducts the performance—entirely according to his fancy.

My own imagination isn't musical enough for that. The most I can manage is something very simple, like the first few bars of "Colonel Bogey." And there's nothing more maddening than having to listen to those first few twiddly bits—over and over again—without being able to get any further.

When I want imaginary entertainment I prefer the theatre. I can nearly always put on a play in the theatre of my mind. I don't need to remember the words of any play I've read, either. I use the methods of the early Italian theatre—giving a few stage directions and then leaving the actors to make up the dialogue as they go along.

For curing a melancholy mood, I like a vulgar comedy—the ruder the better. In the theatre of your mind you don't have to worry about the censor.

Besides, you never know, you may hit on something good enough to cheer up other people, too. When you consider the deep inner sadness of most of the world's great humourists, it seems highly probable that some of our most comical plays, poems and stories were born in moments of melancholy—when the author was trying to cheer himself up. But sometimes I feel so deeply sunk in melancholy that nothing I or anyone else can do in the comic line seems powerful enough to bring me to the surface.

### A Job Of Plumbing

When that happens, I try treating myself like a plumber tackling a sunken ball-cock. When a ball-cock sticks halfway down in the cistern and won't come up again you can sometimes release it by pushing it farther down into the water until the increased pressure from below makes it spring back to the top.

Similarly with the mind. When I seem hopelessly sunk in melancholy, I try sinking myself a little deeper by reading the works of somebody who's feeling even more melancholy than I am. One of my favourites is Jeremy Taylor. There's that essay of his on death. In it he looks upon the beauty of the seasons, and writes:

"The autumn, with its fruits, provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves."

### Piles On The Agony

That's usually about enough for me. I seldom have to go down any deeper before coming up to laugh. But there's plenty more of it. And the deeper you plunge the more old Jeremy piles on the agony, till the melancholy pressure of the depths below fairly forces you up into laughter—if you've got any human buoyancy at all.

Finally, to round it off, I like to turn to William Saroyan, and read again that profound remark of his on life:

"As I see it, the living deserve nothing better than what they get, one at a time, though this irritates me personally."

If I can smile at that and say: "Me, too," I know I'm cured—until the next time, anyway.

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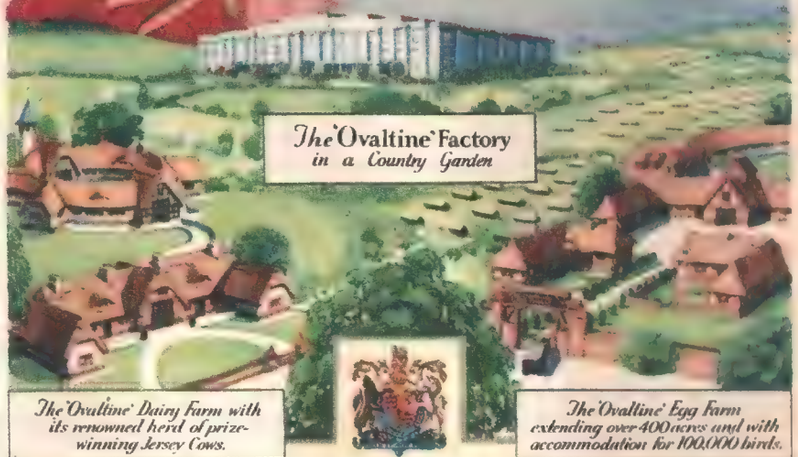


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P.730A

# A young mother's best friend

*by BETTY KEILY*

**The Health Visitor may turn up uninvited, but to a mother she brings help and advice about the new baby**

MISS FELLOWS WAS my first health visitor. A newcomer to this country (I am Irish), I had gone to a private doctor who had taken care of me beforehand, made arrangements for me in hospital and delivered my baby there. He had told me to get *Mothercraft*, by Truby King, and I had read it. Yet my first days alone with the baby had given me the jitters.

Then Miss Fellows turned up at our North London home. "I'm the health visitor from the welfare centre," she said. "We hear you've just had a baby. Do you think I could see it?"

I had been home from the hospital two days and, after sleepless nights alone with a baby for the first time, and almost hysterical with anxiety, I could have fallen round her neck.

Neil was in his cot in the garden, wrapped tightly in a shawl, with a matinée jacket, a woollen dress and a vest under it. He was crying.

"It's a hot day," Miss Fellows said quietly. "Don't you think he's got a little too much on?"

Foolishly, I had been scared of his getting a chill, and I was relieved when, neatly and efficiently, she began removing most of Neil's garments.

### If You're Worried

There were a thousand things I wanted to ask her; the nurses in the hospital had taken too much of what I might know about baby welfare for granted, with the result that there were large gaps in my knowledge of the most elementary things. Miss Fellows sensed this and talked down to my level.

Before leaving she mentioned that there was a woman doctor at the welfare centre, who was there to be consulted. "If you are ever worried at any time," she went on, "don't hesitate to ring. We'll be only too pleased to do all we can."

I was down at the welfare centre the following Monday. About a dozen prams were parked in the front garden, and inside I found the occupants of various ages and their mothers.

Neil was examined thoroughly. There was no rush or hint of condescension because of the service being free. He was weighed; and the doctor told me how to continue.

I told Miss Fellows later what the doctor had said. "He's doing well because he's breast-fed," she replied. "London mothers are very good like that. Seventy per cent breast-feed their babies. It's the highest rate in the British Isles."

I learned that there has been a dramatic improvement all round in the health and vitality of the Metropolitan child.

Infant mortality rates have fallen. In 1938, fifty-seven babies out of every 1,000 died before reaching one year. Ten years later, the number was down to thirty-one.

Babies are stronger, heavier and healthier today than they were ten years ago, or, for that matter, ever before. In 1938 there were 7,611 cases of diphtheria among London children, of which 205 were fatal. In 1944 there were 335 cases, with nineteen deaths. None of the fatal cases had been previously immunized.

The fall in the mortality rate connects with the fact that about 300 health visitors like Miss Fellows, from 179 welfare centres in London have been doing their job pretty thoroughly.

Betty Keily (left) and Miss Fellows. Baby Neil is now four months

### Nine Years' Nursing

Miss Fellows had been nursing nine years when she made up her mind to become a health visitor. She took a six months' course at the College of Nursing, studying subjects like Public Health and Hygiene, Social Science, the Public Health Act and laws affecting the care and protection of children.

"In the hospital I had led a comparatively sheltered life." Miss Fellows says. "I had no idea of what I had let myself in for."

In her first months on the job she would come home at night exhausted; and reviewing the day's work it used to seem as if she was getting nowhere at all. Most of the people she was working for appeared to have husbands who "didn't hold with such things." She met with suspicion, intolerance, aggressive stupidity.

Miss Fellows says she can swear as well as a sailor, after having heard the words applied to herself.

Once she received notification that a certain known bad character had had a baby. Whenever Miss Fellows went to see her the woman was out. But, suspecting she was just avoiding the visit, Miss Fellows knocked the next time, waited, and thumped loudly down the stairs.

Then she returned quietly and stood just outside the door. Twenty minutes later she saw a shadow move under the door and, convinced that there was somebody in the room, knocked again loudly.

The door was opened by a blonde, dark at the roots, heavily made up and wearing a dirty negligée. She was eighteen. "I've come to see your baby," Miss Fellows told her.

"She tried to shock me," Miss Fellows says. "I was treated to her life story. But when I told her I was not interested in her morals, but her health, she started asking for advice about the baby.

"She turned out to be very fond of it. Now she visits the centre regularly, and, from what I gather, has given up the old life and is working as a waitress."

The hardest battle of the health visitor is against dirt. Miss Fellows has entered homes where babies and bugs live in intimate relationship, and where the stench has been so bad it was all she could do to avoid being sick.

Poverty doesn't always mean these conditions. There are some wonderful mothers. One in particular has thirteen children. She is not well off, but the place is always spotless, and whenever Miss Fellows calls, there is an appetizing smell of something cooking.

### The First Visit

Normally a baby is visited soon after the fourteenth day—which is about the time the mother arrives home from the hospital with a load of problems on her mind, and very much in need of advice—and again at two months, six months, nine months, one year, eighteen months, and then at two, three, four and five years.

During that time the mother and baby are encouraged to attend the welfare centre regularly. There is a mothers' club for lectures, demonstrations, various social activities—children's parties, visits to the circus and zoo; and a play centre with a sand pit, see-saw, swing, and cocoa and biscuits, where children can be left to play for two sessions a week, while the mothers can do their cleaning and shopping.

Three out of every four children born in London are taken to the welfare centres, but the centres are not fully publicised. I've met dozens of women who have never heard of them.

Yet the centre's antenatal clinic takes care of a woman during her pregnancy and makes full arrangements for the confinement. Medical advice is given free, together with dental aid and foot treatment if necessary, and the various foods and tonics necessary for building up the future mother and child.

### Home Help, Too

While the mother is away, and there are other children to be cared for, the centre will arrange for them to be boarded with relatives or friends, or refer them to the day nursery department of the town hall, and when the mother returns from hospital, the health visitor will, if necessary, recommend a home help.

Miss Fellows can remember only one person in thirteen years refusing to admit her. But there are always a few women who say: "You've got a cheek telling us about babies; why don't you get married and have some of your own?"

For these women Miss Fellows's answer always is: "Because nobody ever asked me."

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# The courage of Mrs. Gillespie

*Mrs. Marjorie Gillespie, a Chiswick, London, housewife, wrote in* JOHN BULL *on October 15 a testament to the faith which gave her courage to fight cancer—"in the hope," she said, "that it will help others."*

*Since Mrs. Gillespie's article was published, many readers have written in praise of her courage. Some asked for their letters to be forwarded to her. This has been done. Here is a selection from letters received.*

I WISH THAT ALL THOSE women I meet in buses and queues, who are always complaining about food shortages and petty ailments, would read Mrs. Gillespie's article — the article of a woman who is about to die.

In addition to her fight against cancer, she has the cares of bringing up a family. Yet she is able to see the joys of life and be grateful for God's mercies. What an example of pluck and endurance! — B. PROFFITT, Penisa, Gronand, Prestatyn.

. . . The radiance which shines even from the cold print of her article must surely light up the darkness of many a suffering soul. If only we would *all* live each day as though it were our last.— MISS M. B. ERSKINE, Davaar, Kirn, Dunoon.

. . . She is a very courageous woman and to other sufferers her words should give help and fresh courage to carry on. In everyone who reads her article it should inspire renewed sympathy for those who suffer. — MRS. M. W. H., Honley, Huddersfield.

. . . I have never read a more moving article. Such courage and faith must surely be a tonic to thousands. I have always been afraid of the slightest illness, but now I do not think I shall ever complain again.—MRS. F. JONES, 33 Sheringham Drive, Swinton, Manchester.

. . . What a magnificent spirit is shown by Marjorie Gillespie! Six years ago, doctors despaired of my wife's life. We found ourselves in the position of having to cheer up and inspire the doctors, who seemed to suffer from a defeatest complex. We refused to give up and, though the trouble is still evident, it is appreciably less and we just don't refer to it.

My advice to sufferers is to stop thinking you are ill and act as though you were going to live for ever. Think outwardly —think about everybody but yourself.— J. H. M., Nottingham.

. . . My father died of cancer in 1924. Now, twenty-five years later, we seem to be as ignorant as we were then concerning its causes and cure. More of the world's effort must be put into medical research. —A. OLDFIELD, 25 Stockton Lane, York.

## THIS WEEK'S COVER

BACKSTAGE at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, a ballet rehearsal is in progress. To get her sketches for this painting, cover artist Xenia Barclay worked in a dark corner of the stage, using a spotlight trained on to her drawing pad. Theatrical and ballet scenes are Miss Barclay's favourite subjects for her pictures, but she has also held several exhibitions of her landscapes. Some of them were painted in Devon, where she served as a Land Girl during the war; others in Norway, where she worked as a commercial artist in the 1930s.

### Way Back To The Land

CONGRATULATIONS on your editorial on agriculture (JOHN BULL, October 15). This should be exhibited in every town hall and placarded throughout the land. As an employee of a war agricultural committee, I was made redundant in 1946 and left the land for the railway. But given proper encouragement, I would return tomorrow.

All the hills around here could produce tenfold with drainage and tillage. Small farms could be made, new houses built, villages and communities would spring up. The drift from the land could be reversed and Britain could save herself.— J. COWPERTHWAITE, 4 Salt Lake Cottage, Ribblehead, Chapel Le Dale, Carnforth, Lancs.

### Birthday Gift Seized

RECENTLY I decided to send a £1 note to my son, serving in Malaya, because it was his birthday. Little did I dream that I was exporting banknotes, but to my surprise I received a notice of seizure, informing me that my precious £1 had been forfeited to the Crown. — MRS. C. DUCKWORTH, 6 Victoria Buildings, Waterside, Darwen, Lancs.

### Lesson From Children

EDMUND ANTROBUS'S ARTICLE on the Ku Klux Klan (JOHN BULL, October 15) recalled a visit I paid last August to a children's camp in Wales. One of the children was a black girl and the other girls argued and fought with one another over who should sit and sleep next to her.

The K.K.K. could have learned a lesson from that camp.—C. B. SMITH, 1 Church Cottages, Lighthorne, Warwick.

**John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter**

## HANGOVER HOUSE

Continued from page 24

me this: who was it who was wearing an ancient Egyptian necklace, gold and enamel—very unusual?"

Sidonia raised a hand to her head, wearily.

"How much is in the jackpot for this quiz? Gold-enamel necklace? That's an easy one. Nobody."

"Sure? There were a lot of people here at one time."

"Maybe. But nobody wearing a thing like that."

McGraw's shadowed regard remained fixed upon Sidonia's face.

"Why did you run out on Mr. Faraway?"

"For exceeding the speed limit."

"I see." McGraw held up a typed page. "Anything to add to what you told the superintendent?"

Sidonia shook her head.

When she had retired, trailing her sables behind her:

"That's a tough type," said Sample.

McGraw nodded.

"Inclined to think she's not the only one."

He stood up, walked around the desk, and began to pace the carpet, chewing steadily. At length, he said:

"I'm accepting the evidence that nobody drove out after Storm Kennedy arrived. But there's no evidence to show that somebody didn't *walk* out."

"You think our man's slipped through our fingers?"

"Nothing against it, except that there's an undercurrent here. Somebody hiding something. Conspiracy. Don't want to touch off the fuse until I know what I'm blowing up."

"Do you believe Kennedy came as a guest?"

"He came as a guest right enough. But he's got something up his sleeve."

"If you're right, he's playing a dangerous game."

"Yes," McGraw mused. "That's why I'm considering accepting his offer. . . ."

NO ONE was more acutely conscious of the danger of the game he was playing than Storm Kennedy himself.

One problem—it took the form of a slender, fair-haired vision—occupied the forefront of his meditations.

What was the truth about Hilary?

He dreaded, now, the possibility that McGraw would accept his offer and enlist his services. Everything seemed to be against it. But McGraw was a dangerously clever man.

These reflections had been whipped up by a vigorous walk around the eighteen acres surrounding Hangover House. Kennedy discovered a path, briar infested and thick with nettles, which followed the boundary of the property from the gate lodge to a point just short of a large pond adjoining a back entrance.

He saw a constable there, mounting guard over an empty car.

When he attempted to walk out, the man raised his hand.

"No one allowed out, sir."

Kennedy nodded.

He turned back and began to mount a steep slope, once a four acre lawn but now a miniature prairie. From this point, with his back to the mass of blanket-weed masking the water of the pond, he had a good view of Hangover House.

A man and a woman strolled on the terrace; Lovelace and Mrs. Muller. A new idea flashed to his mind. Were these two secretly associated?

He paused, watching them.

The morning sunshine had grown quite warm, but there was a freshening breeze. Mrs. Muller had the alluring carriage of an Oriental. Her burgundy coloured frock, moulded to her hips, and then billowing out in fashionable abundance, accentuated her voluptuous movements.

Kennedy went on up the slope, and, a considerable distance below the terrace, found a patch of grass which had recently been scythed and marked off with four stakes and a line knotted from stake to stake.

Here he paused again, puzzled.

What new evidence had been found at this spot?

He made a rapid estimate, and decided that he stood about fifty yards from the house. He stared with unseeing eyes at the patch of grass, until:

"Doing a little private investigation, sir?" said a melancholy voice.

Kennedy spun around—and found Inspector Hawley standing only a few paces away. He must have been watching from the summerhouse in which Kennedy had talked to Sidonia.

"Not much to work upon," Kennedy smiled. "What clue did you find here?"

Hawley shook his head.

"I'm not at liberty to tell you, sir. Chief Inspector McGraw has methods of his own. . . ."

ALMOST as the words were spoken, Chief Inspector McGraw was employing those methods.

Mohammed Ibn Lahûn sat facing him placidly in the museum-study.

"You state here—" McGraw glanced at a typed page—"that at the time when the murder took place you were in the courtyard, looking for Mr. Faraway."

"The statement is true, sir."

"Why were you looking for him?"

"To bid him good night."

"Already said good night to Mrs. Faraway?"

"Nearly an hour before."

"Why did she leave?"

"She was angry."

"What about?"

"Her husband."

"Why?"

"He was seeking to induce the lady called Sidonia to accept his embraces."

McGraw chewed thoughtfully.

"Is that so? And Mrs. Faraway objected?"

"Even the long suffering do not suffer for ever; it is possible to overload a camel."

"I see. Known Mrs. Faraway a long time?"

"Since, with her father, she visited Egypt before war came to spread its poison. We had the honour to entertain them in our house. She was very young."

McGraw glanced again at the typed page. Mohammed Ibn Lahûn, he decided, was one of the most difficult characters he had ever attempted to interrogate.

"As a matter of fact—no implications—there's nothing to prove your whereabouts, apart from your own statements, up to the time that you opened the door of this room and looked in. The room was dark?"

"Quite dark."

"You didn't see Mr. Kennedy until he lighted his torch?"

"I saw him quite well."

McGraw's eyes flicked open, and then the lids drooped again.

"How?"

"In outline against the open window."

"H'm. Is that so? Are you quite sure

Continued on next page


**WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT**

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of *John Bull's* team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the *John Bull* Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

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# It's Turkey Time Again!

NEXT week this page will bring you the first list of Christmas winners—the first of the 1,000 readers who are to receive a *Bullets* turkey or fowl for December 25.

Time is flying, and now you have only three more weeks in which to bag a *Bullets* bird for your table this Christmas.

Settle down this evening for an entertaining half-hour with this page. One of the *Bullets* you make for your coupon below may win you not only a Christmas dinner but a £500 fortune as well!

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**RULES** 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Dec. 10 and in JOHN BULL dated Dec. 17, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

## ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

| | |
|---|---|
| To Rebuild Britain | Merciless |
| In The Economic Fog | Getting Fussy |
| Work's The Watch-word, So | Fell To Bits |
| Home, Sweet Home | Sonny Knows |
| We Must Save | Weeping And Wailing |
| Life's Champagne | Won't Be The Same Again |
| Into Battle | **Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions** |
| Nursing | The Government's..... |
| A Hundred Years Hence | Ready For..... |
| Hardly Noticed | At ..... Expense |
| With His Little Axe | .....Woman |
| Politely | A Wooden..... |
| Running The Show | .....An Asset, But |
| Different Complexion | |

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

**POST ENTRY** "Bullets" 1,707 (or Xword 659) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

## MONSTER XMAS OFFER COMING SOON!

For full details, appearing in special Christmas issue of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated December 3, apply on coupon below

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

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B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

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Closing Postmark, **1,707** MON., Nov. 21

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I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

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With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for eight weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE. If requiring Specimen copy only, affix 2½d. stamp below.

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## XWORD 654 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Rivers. 3, Cat. 5, Knaves. 8, Grocer. 10, Ships. 12, Share. 13, Dead. DOWN: 1, Ricks. 2, Ride or Rime. 3, Crush. 4, Peer. 6, Sweep. 7, Signs. 9, Dogs. 11, Odd.

FIVE £100 SHARERS: Mrs. E. M. Barnes, 151 Lanark Road, London, W.9; B. Bonar, 69 Foyle Road, Londonderry; Mrs. C. F. Day, 10 Ryde Place, Lee-on-Solent, Hants; Miss C. M. Day, 10 Ryde Place, Lee-on-Solent, Hants; Mrs. M. J. Meakin, Albert Villa, Ashby Road, Moira, Burton-on-Trent. In addition, Winners receive 20-lb. Food Parcels.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 72 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

## "Bullets" Winners 1,702

FIRST PRIZE, £850 plus Weekend for Two, also Television Bonus: S. E. Murden, "Byways," Park Ave., Harrogate: WHAT MORE CAN DO WITHOUT MORE ADO, MORE!

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Weekend for Two: Mrs. K. Nash, 6 Wilkes Rd., Sandown: NEWS OF TODAY—THREATENS THAT "NEW" TOMORROW.

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Weekend for Two: E. Deaville, 131 Linton Rise, Nottingham: MUM AND DAD—"TREASURES" WHO SPOIL OURS!

FOURTH PRIZE, £20 plus Weekend for Two: A. W. Irons, 25 Regent Rd., Rhyl: A MONSTER—PIGEON-HOLE, UNO'S NEW "DOVE-COTE"?

OTHER AWARDS: £10: W. G. Bailey, 32 Albion Rd., North Shields: THE BLUNT TRUTH—POLLS WON'T DISMISS "PILLS"! £10: G. Simpson, 68 Canberra Avenue, Dalmuir, N.B.: IN EVERYBODY'S HEART—AMETHYST'S GUNS "FIRED" SOMETHING. £10: L. Thorpe, 206 Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester: WHAT SAVING CAN DO—SAVE *Savings*! £10: A. F. V. Whitaker, 4 Canon Beck Rd., Rotherhithe, S.E.16: ARMED TO THE TEETH—THAT "GRINNING," LIDLESS DUSTBIN. £10: W. Whitaker, 65 Conway Road, Treorchy, Glam: ARMED TO THE TEETH—*Unprepared* To "INVADE" UTOPIA. £10: C. C. Wisher, St. John's "A," Hill Crest Rd., Biggin Hill: RUSSIA OF TODAY—SEEMS "MILES" FROM STALINGRAD!

For 10 winners of £5 see last week's "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

30 Prizes of £2 10s., 50 of £1 and 3,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

## XMAS FOWLS and PUDDINGS for XWORDS

## £100 1st PRIZE CASH plus XMAS FOWL and PUDDING

for £100 Winner or each sharer

Awards value £25 amongst 1st Runners-up AND UP TO

## 100 XMAS FOWLS and 100 XMAS PUDDINGS

(Fowl and Pudding with every 1st Runners-up Award value 5s. or over.)

"Signpost" Prizes for 2nd Runners-up.

### THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

**Across Clues** XWORD 659

1. The most effective form of advertising is usually
5. A one-man business is often only this
6. Through lack of confidence jobs often are
8. A sailor is sometimes sunk by one
12. Can soon run himself short of dough
13. Sometimes prevents one slipping badly
14. Failure to get it soon makes some people peevish

**Down Clues**

1. It may well serve if you can't get anything better
2. They are a poor lot who will do anything for
3. Some methods in use for getting rid of this are questionable
4. It's tragic when this leads to loss of life
7. It's dangerous for a signalman to do this
9. This calls to mind something which was once consumed more than it is today
10. Spectators are quick to applaud when they see good one
11. We must ensure that the Fuhrer's this is never revived in Germany

## LAST 3 WEEKS to WIN a DOUBLE XMAS PRIZE

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | | | M | 2 P | L | E | | 3 | | 4 |
| | | | M | E | | 5 S | | A | L | L |
| A | T | | | | K | | | T | O | O |
| 6 C | H | | C | K | E | 7 D | | | O | T |
| K | O | | E | | 8 R | O | | K | | |
| | R | Y | | 9 | | | | | S | 10 S |
| | | O | | O | V | E | 11 R | | | P |
| 12 | A | K | E | R | | | | | | |
| | M | E | R | K | | | | L | A | R |
| 13 | A | L | K | 659 | | 14 | | E | S | T |

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps, covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated December 3.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

| CLUE | EXTRA ANSWER | Total Fee |
|---|---|---|
| No. | | 6d. |
| No. | | 1s. |
| No. | | 2s. |

*(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)*

I enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

**659** Closing Postmark MON., Nov. 21

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

## HANGOVER HOUSE

Continued from previous page

you never saw the dead man before?"

"Never, sir. But in death, as in life, he was evil. It is well that he died."

There was a silent interval. Mohammed's large, limpid eyes remained fixed placidly upon McGraw.

"I'm going to ask you to look at something," said McGraw. "A gold and enamel necklace, ancient Egyptian, I believe. Sort of rising sun design."

"Such a pectoral, sir, is not uncommon."

"Is that so? Happen to remember which lady wore one last night?"

"No lady present wore such an ornament."

McGraw took a key from the desk drawer and held it out to Sample.

"Go and get the necklace."

Sample nodded and went upstairs. The faint scrape of a key was audible, and then:

"Chief Inspector!" Sample called.

"Yes?"

"The door isn't locked!"

"What!" McGraw slowly raised his long, lean body from the chair. "But you locked it?"

"Yes, sir. The last time we came out."

"Don't go," said McGraw to Mohammed.

HE went upstairs, with long, springy strides, and joined Sample, who stood holding the heavy door ajar. Reflected sunlight made the cell-like room bright in contrast to that below.

McGraw pushed the door wide.

"Window open! Accounts for that breeze under the door."

"But I remember closing it, sir. You opened it. I closed it when we came out."

The chief inspector stood stock still. His drooping lids were fully raised, and his eyes moved right and left, up and down in concentrated stares. He pushed Sample aside and walked in.

"Nothing seems to have been disturbed," said Sample.

His tone suggested that it would have been a matter of profound indifference to him if the place had been in flames.

McGraw crossed to the bed, gently moved the sheet. He replaced it. He turned to the table beside the bed. His teeth came together with an audible snap.

"Sergeant Sample."

"Sir."

"You said this case was cold?"

"I thought so."

"Use your eyes. What they're intended for. Look!"

On the small bedside table had been set out articles found in the dead man's possession. These were: a wrist watch; silver cigarette case; a lighter; a leather wallet; a bunch of keys; a gold object resembling a fountain pen.

The gold object had gone.

*To be continued next week*

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